

DIVINE HARMONY:

BEING

A COLLECTION OF PSALM-TUNES,

IN THREE, FOUR, AND FIVE, PARTS,

COMPOSED BY

THE LATE REV. PHOCION HENLEY, M. A.

AND

THE LATE REV. THOMAS SHARP, M. A.

CONTRA-TENOR AND TENOR.

L O N D O N:

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1798.

DIVINE HARMONY.

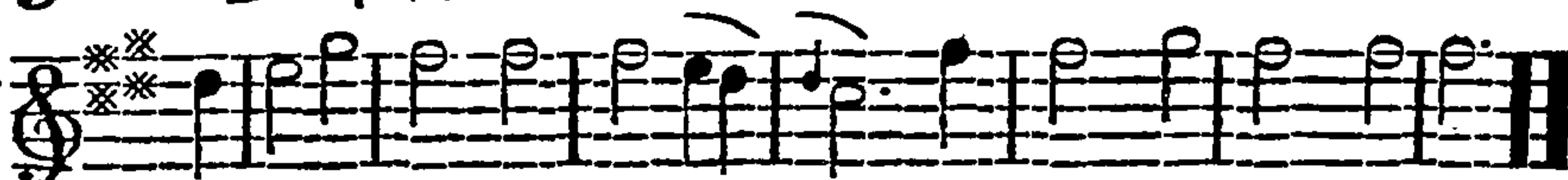
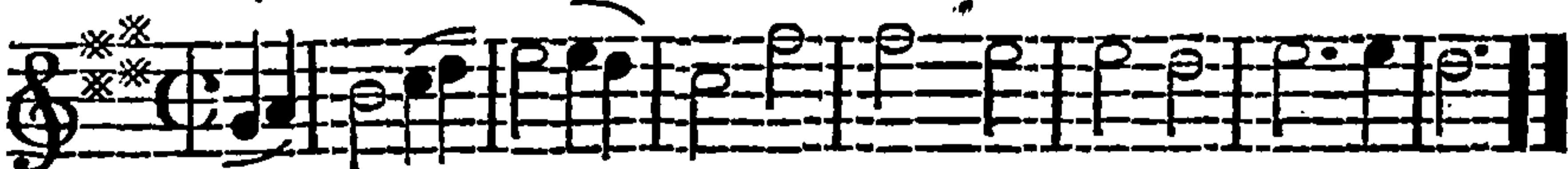
No. 1. — P S A L M XIX.

Cheerful.

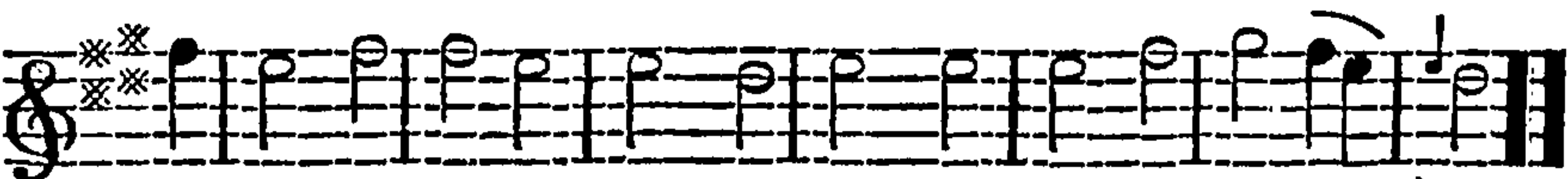
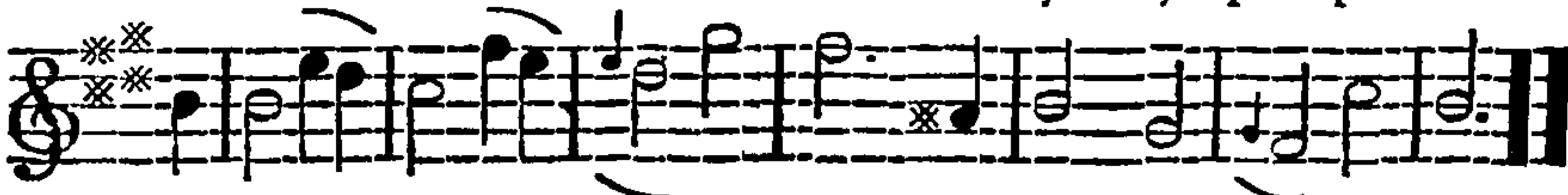
New Version, common Metre. — Double Tune.



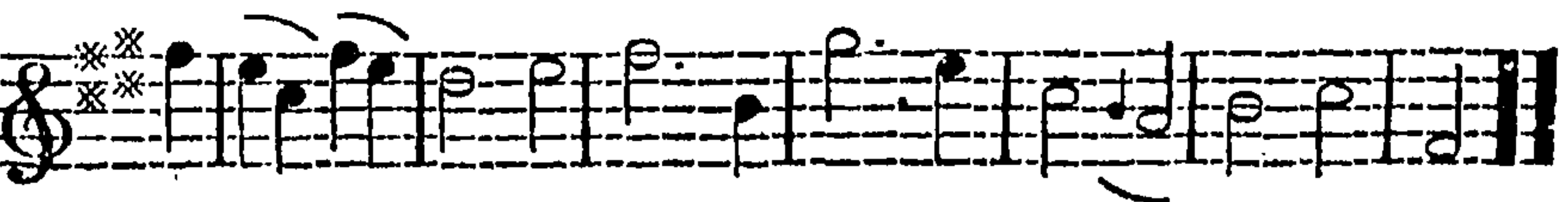
5. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, Which Thou a-lone dost fill;
7. God's per-fect law converts the soul, Reclaims from false de-sires;
11. My truf - ty coun-sel-lors they are, And friend-ly warnings give;

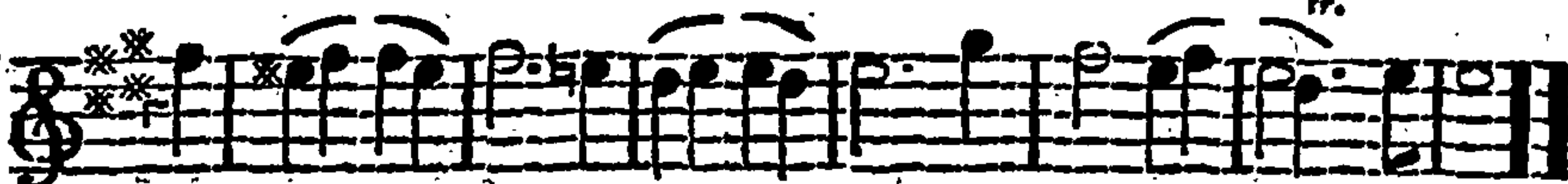


5. The firma-ment and stars pro - claim Their great Cre - a - tor's skill.
7. With sacred wis-dom his sure word The ig - no - rant in-spires.
11. Divine re-wards at - tend on those Who by thy precepts live.

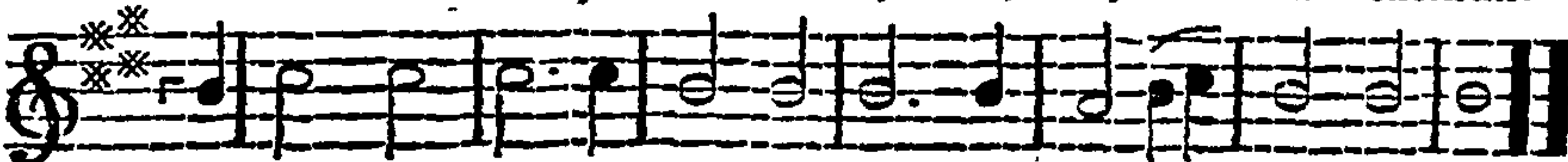


6. The dawn of each re - turn - ing day Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
8. The sta - tutes of the Lord are just, And bring sin-cere de - light;
12. But what frail man ob - serves how oft He does from vir - tue fall?





6. From dark-est night's suc-ces-sive round, Di-vine in-struc-tion springs.
 8. His pure commands in search of truth Af-fist the fee-blest fight.
 12. O cleanse me from my se-cret faults, Thou, God, who know'st them all.

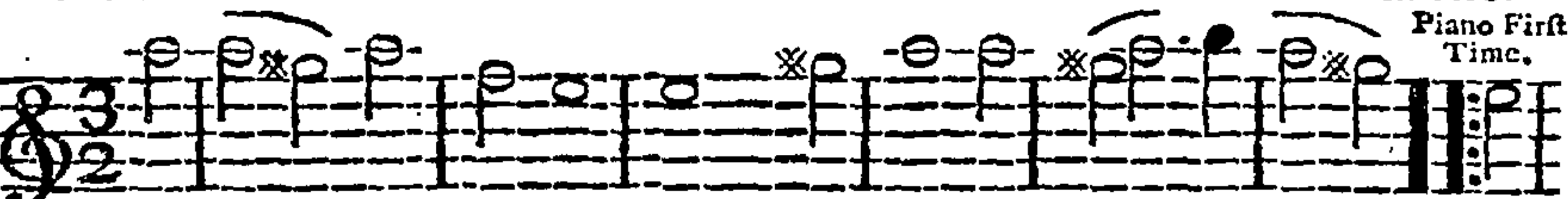


No. 2. — P S A L M XXV.

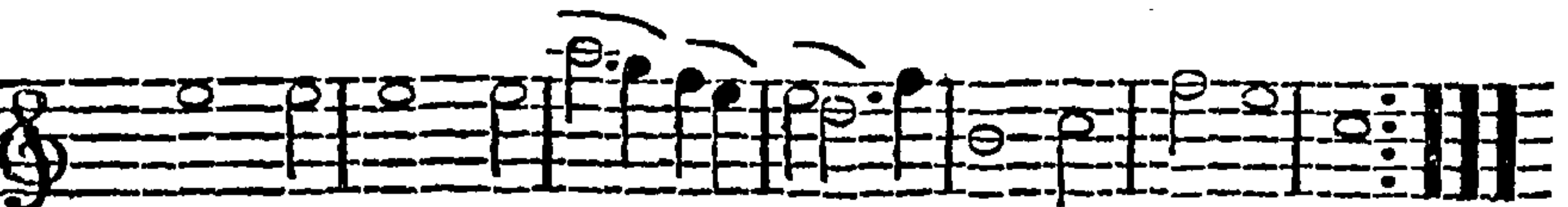
Moderato.

New Version. — Short Metre.

Piano First Time.



1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O
 2. Those, who on Thee re-ly, Let no dis-grace at-tend; Be
 3. To me thy truth im-part, And lead me in thy way; For,
 4. Thy mer-cies and thy love, O Lord, re-call to mind; And
 5. Let all my youth-ful crimes Be blot-ted out by Thee; And
 6. His mer-cy and his truth The righteous Lord dis-plays, In



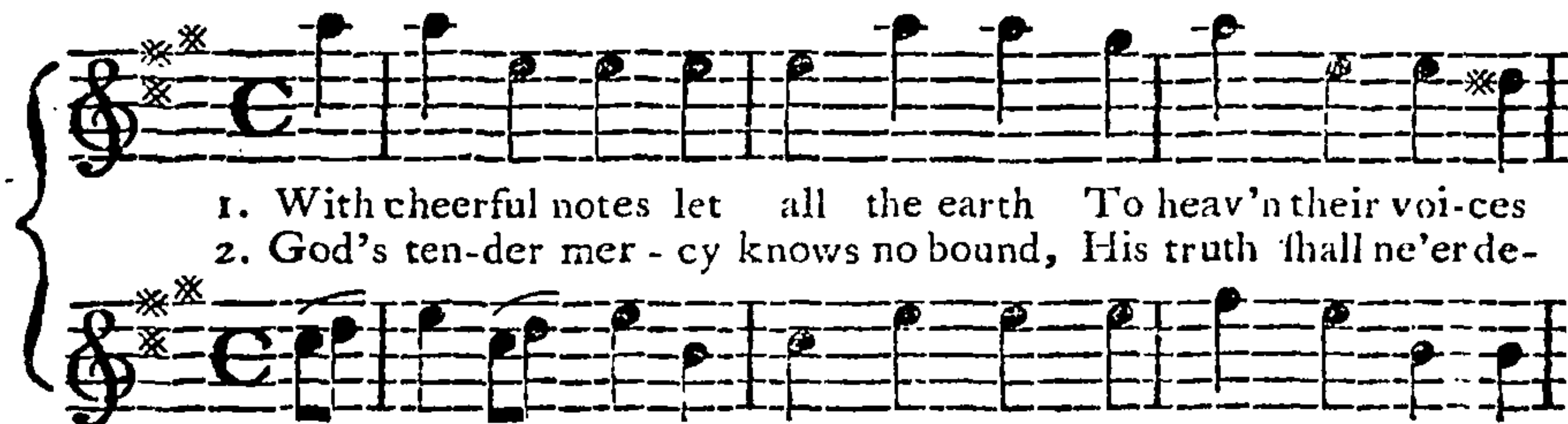
1. let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re-joice.
 2. that the shame-ful lot of such As wil-ful-ly of-fend.
 3. Thou art He that brings me help, On Thee I wait all day.
 4. gra-cious-ly con-ti-nue still, As Thou wert e-ver, kind.
 5. for thy wond'rous goodness sake, In mer-cy think on me.
 6. bring-ing wan-d'ring sin-ners home, And teaching them his ways.



No. 3. — P S A L M CXVII.

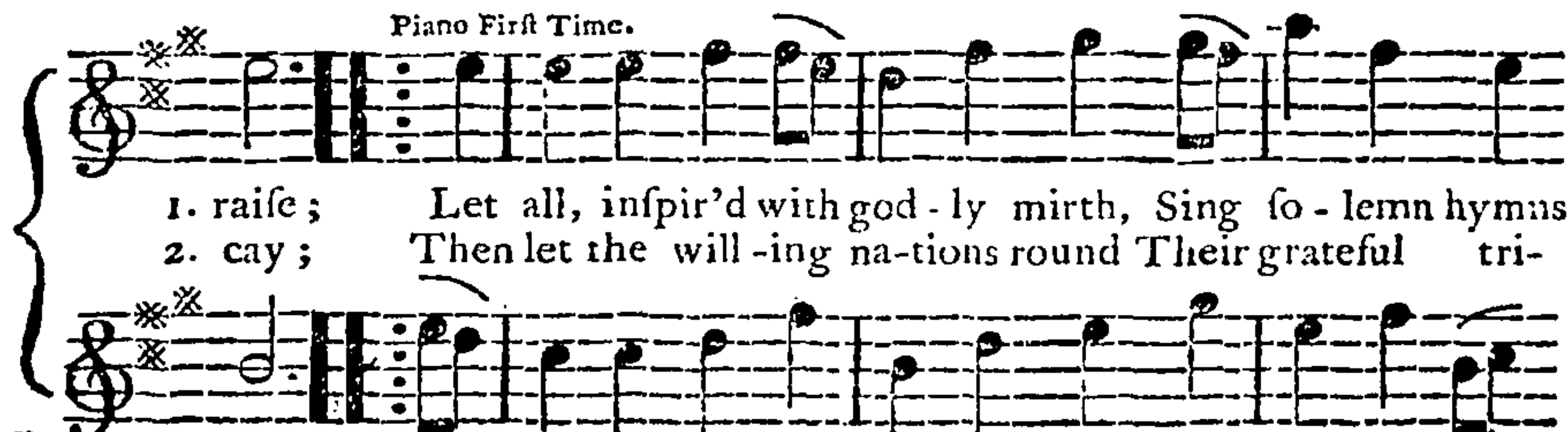
Moderato.

New Version. — Common Metre.

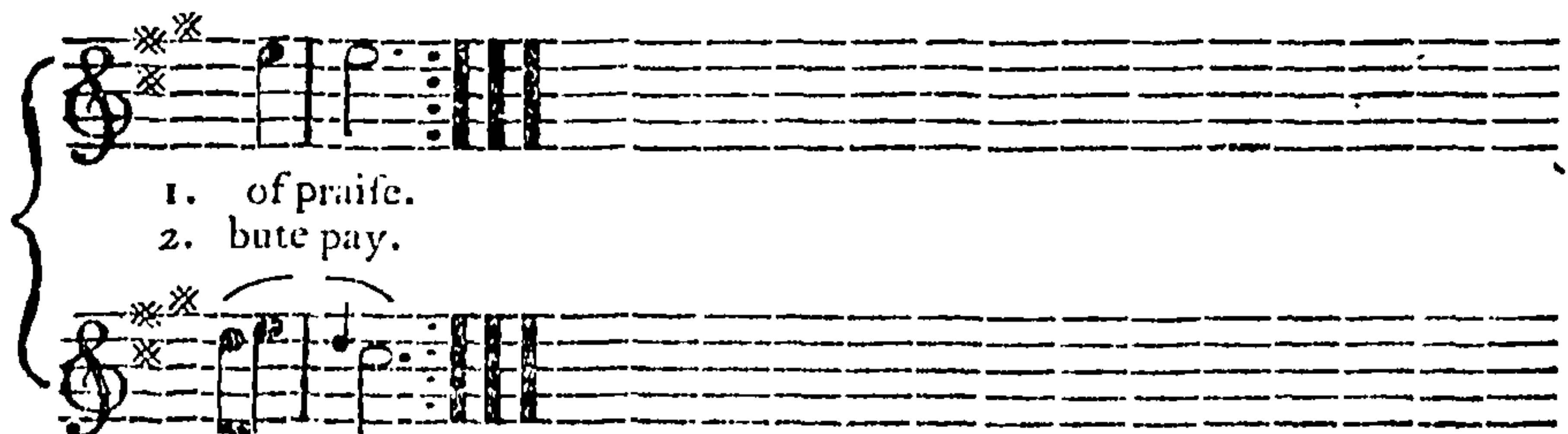


1. With cheerful notes let all the earth To heav'n their voi-ces
2. God's ten-der mer-cy knows no bound, His truth shall ne'er de-

Piano First Time.



1. raise; Let all, inspir'd with god-ly mirth, Sing so-lemn hymns
2. say; Then let the will-ing na-tions round Their grateful tri-



1. of praise.
2. bute pay.

No. 4. — P S A L M CXXXVII.

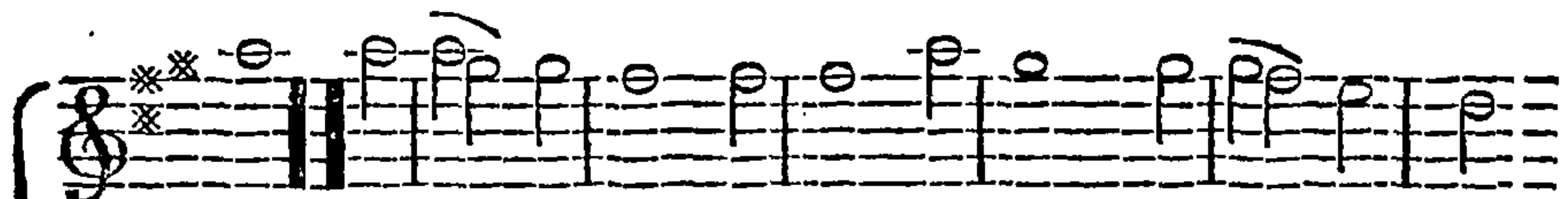
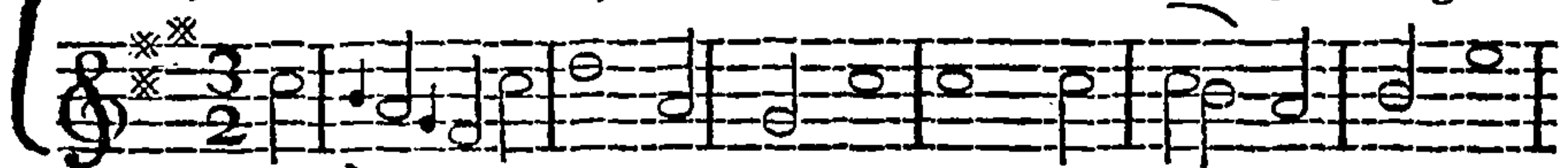
Translated by the Rev. Phocion Henley, M. A.

Andante.

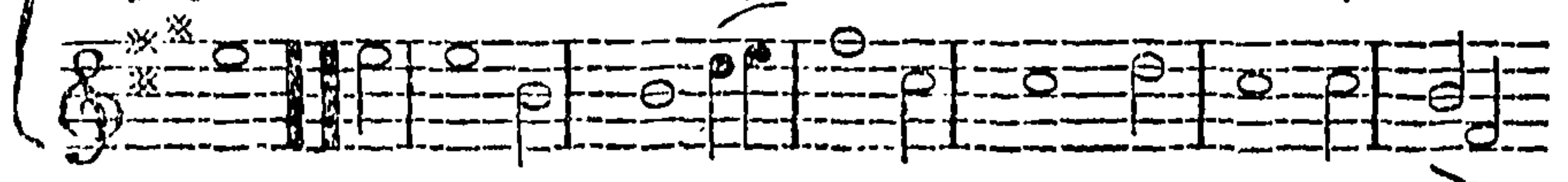
Common Metre.



1. As pen-sive by the streams we sat, Which wa-ter Ba-bel's
2. Our harps, which once in hap-pier days, Je-ho-vah's prai-fes
3. Whilst thus, with inward grief op-press'd, We mourn'd our coun-try's
4. How shall the sprightly harp re-sound With great Je-ho-vah's
5. If e'er of thee, O na-tive land, My heart un-mind-ful
6. If in my mirth, for-get-ting thee, On o-ther themes I
7. Re-mem-ber, and re-quit them, Lord, How E-dom's ha-ted
8. Daugh-ter of Ba-bel, doom'd to bleed For thy im-pe-rious
9. Blest who on thy de-vo-ted head Shall heav'n's just ven-geance




1. plain, Thy fate, O Si-on, fill'd our eyes With tears, our hearts
2. sung, No more were tun'd to notes of joy, But on the wil-
3. wrongs, Our foes re-quir'd a cheer-ful strain, "Sing one of Si-
4. praise? How shall we sing, to ears pro-fane, Dear Si-on's fa-
5. prove, Let my right hand for-get her skill The warbling string
6. dwell, Fast in e-ter-nal si-lence bound, My tongue may ut-
7. race, With im-pious ma-lice, urg'd the foe To waste thy ho-
8. sway, Blest shall he be, whose righteous sword Shall all our wrongs
9. pour; And, deaf to all thy children's cries, Pol-lute thy streets

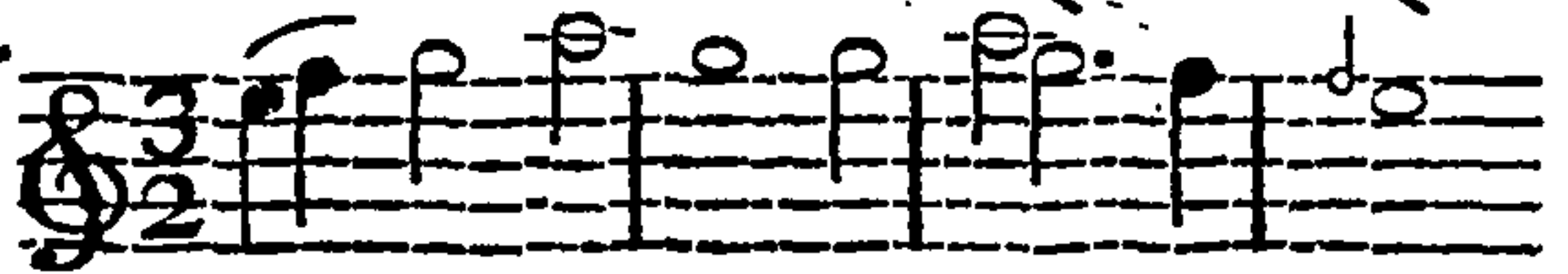


No. 5. — P S A L M XCV.

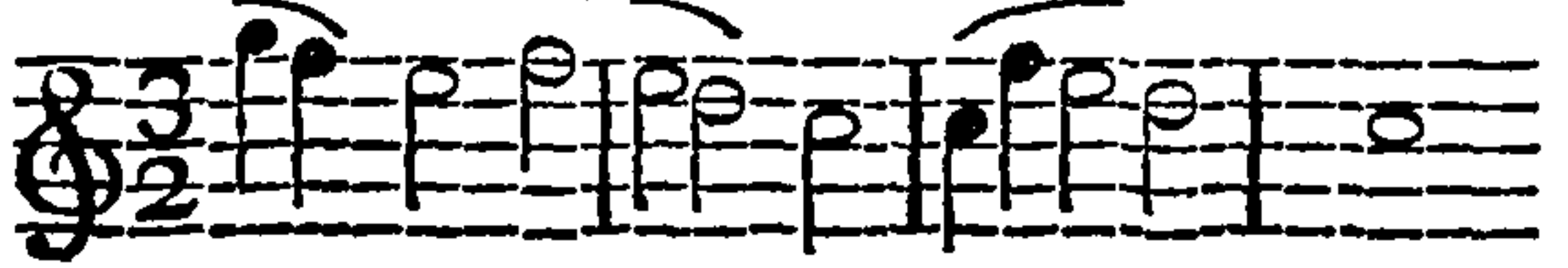
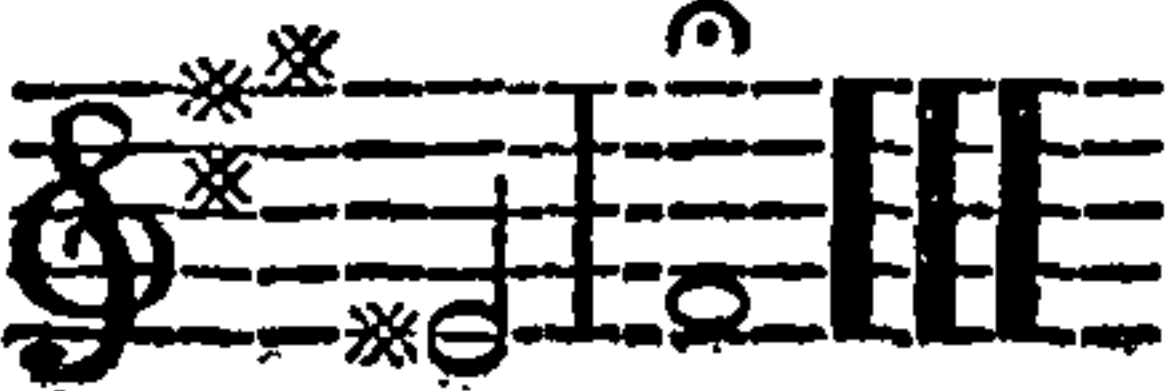
Andante.

New Version. — Long Metre.

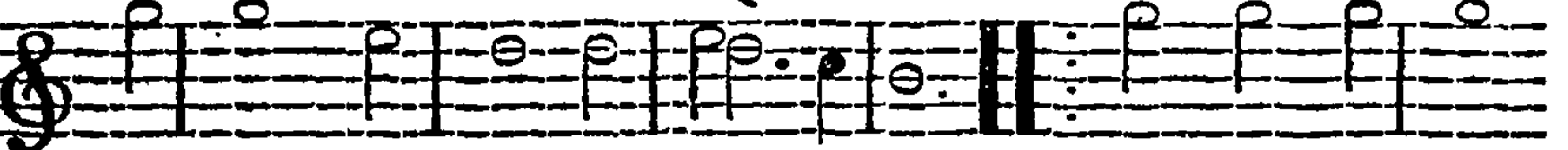
- 
1. with pain.
 2. lows hung.
 3. on's songs."
 4. cred lays?
 5. to move.
 6. t'rance fail.
 7. ly place.
 8. re - pay.
 9. with gore.



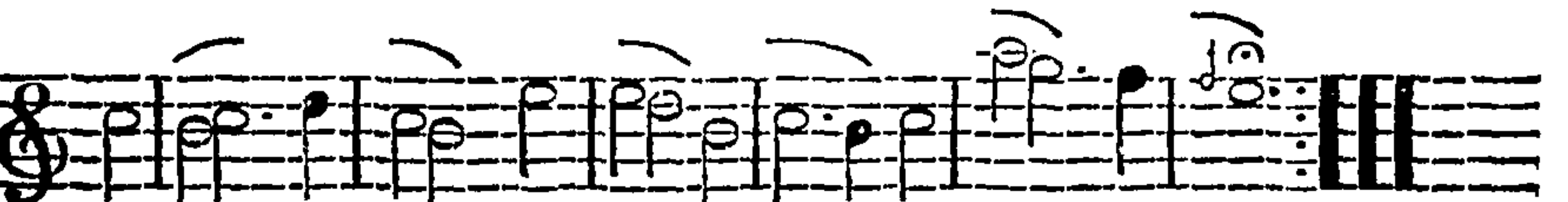
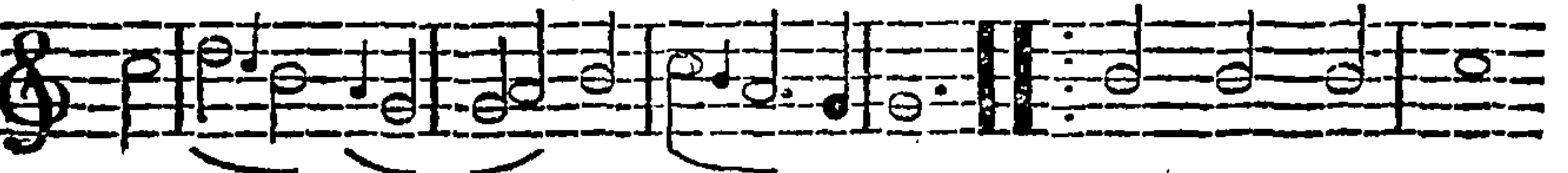
1. O come, loud an-thems let us sing,
2. In - to his pre-sence let us haste,
3. For, God, the Lord, en-thron'd in state,
4. The depths of earth are in his hand,
5. The roll-ing o-cean's vast a - bys,



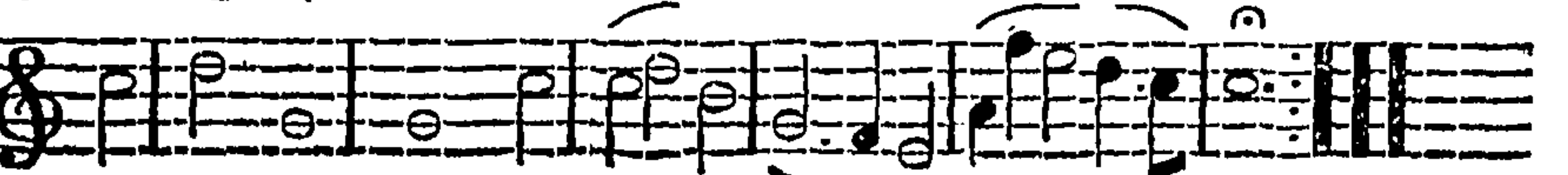
Piano First Time.



- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1. Loud thanks to our Al - migh - ty King; | For, we our voi- |
| 2. To thank Him for his fa - vours past; | To Him ad - dres, |
| 3. Is with un - ri - vall'd glo - ry great; | A King su - pe- |
| 4. Her se - cret wealth at his command; | The strength of hills |
| 5. By the same sov'reign right is his; | 'Tis mov'd by his |



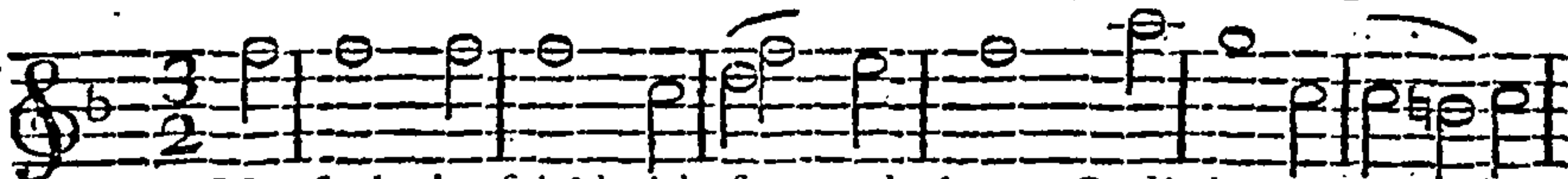
1. ces high should raise, When our sal - va-tion's rock we praise.
2. in joy - ful songs, The praise that to his name be-longs.
3. rior far to all, Whom, by his ti - tle, God we call.
4. that reach the skies, Sub - ject - ed to his em - pire, lies.
5. Al-migh - ty hand, That form'd and fix'd the so - lid land.



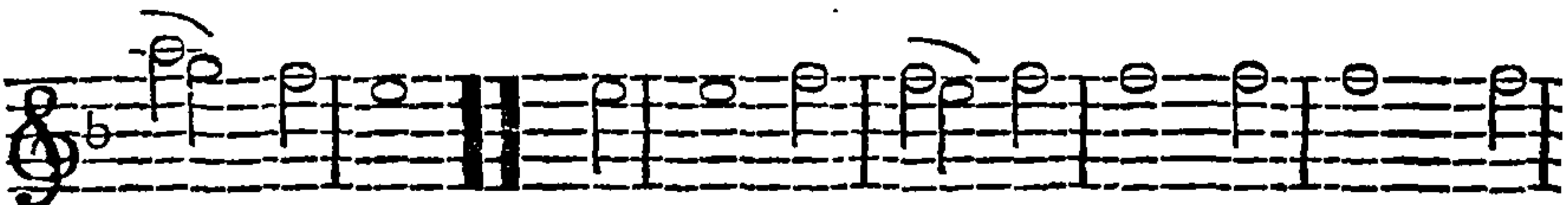
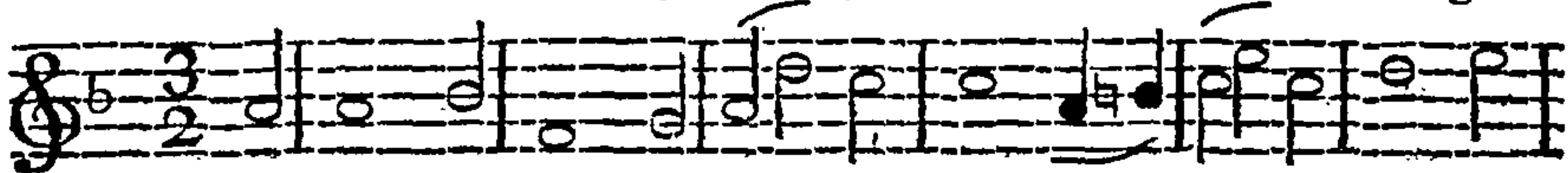
No. 6. — P S A L M CIII.

Lively.

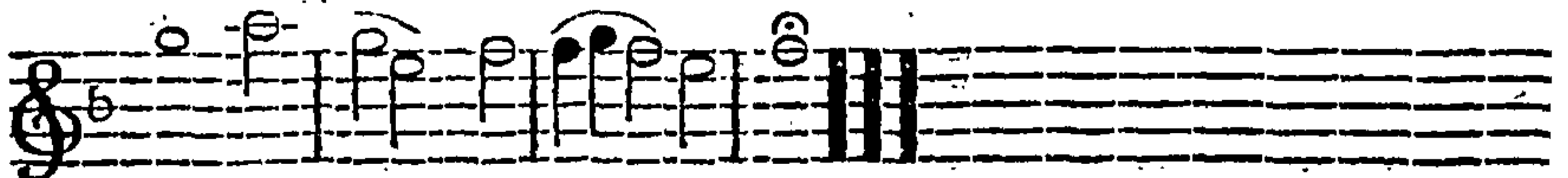
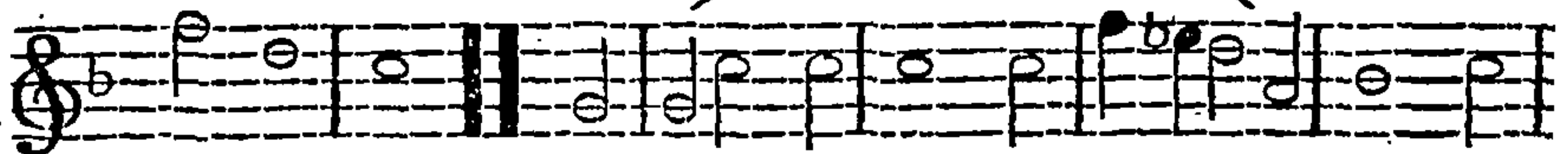
New Version. — Long Metre.



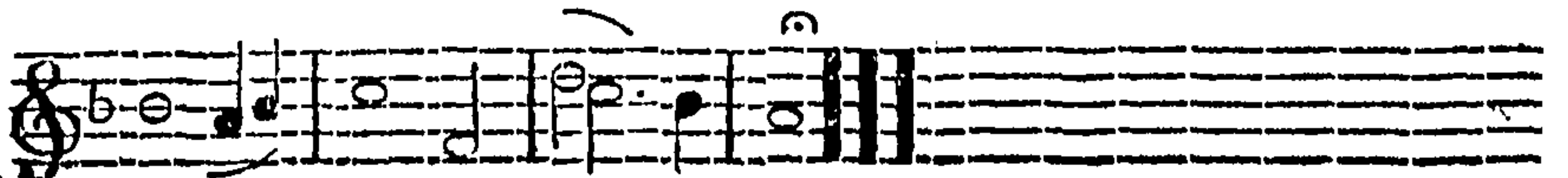
1. My soul, in-spir'd with fa - cred love, God's ho - ly name for
 2. 'Tis He that all thy sins for - gives, And af - ter sick - nefs
 3. He with good things my mouth sup - plies, Thy vi - gour, ea - gle -
 4. God made of old his righ - teous ways To Mo - ses and our
 5. The Lord a - bounds with ten - der love, And un - ex - am - pled
 6. God will not al - ways harsh - ly chide, But with his an - ger



1. e - ver bless; Of all his fa - vours mind - ful prove, And
 2. makes thee sound; From dan - gers He thy life re - trieves, By
 3. like, re - news; He, when the guilt - less suf - f'rer cries, His
 4. fa - thers known; His works, to his e - ter - nal praise, Were
 5. acts of grace; His waken'd wrath does flow - ly move, His
 6. quick - ly part; And loves his pu - nish - ments to guide More



1. still thy grate - ful thanks ex - press.
 2. Him with grace and mer - cy crown'd.
 3. foe with just re - venge pur - sues.
 4. to the sons of Ja - cob known.
 5. will - ing mer - cy flows a - pace.
 6. by his love than our de - sert.



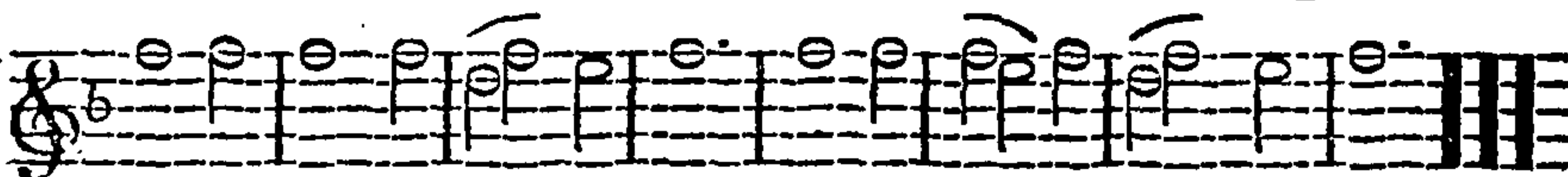
No. 7. — P S A L M C.

Lively.

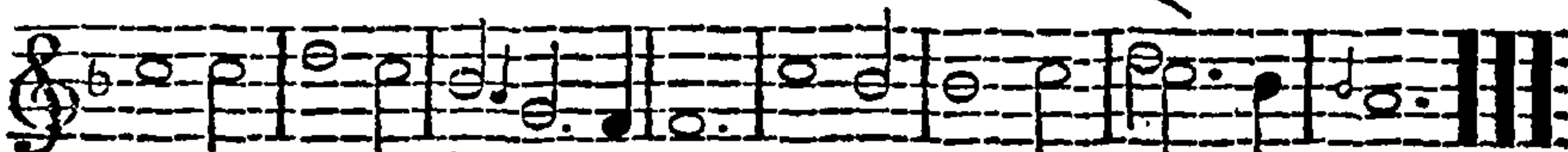
Translated by the late Rev. William Dodd, D. D.



1. Joy - ful, O ye na - tions, sing; Come, and songs of gladness bring:
2. He is God, the King of kings, Who, to all cre - a - ted things,
3. Come, then, to his courts re - pair; Come, and glad - ly en - ter there;
4. Well may we his praise proclaim, Goodness is his nature's name;



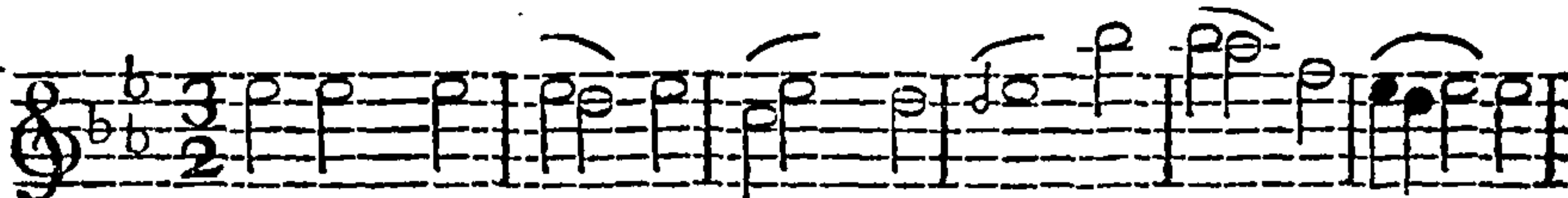
1. Cheerful service, thankful lays, Come be - fore the Lord with praise.
2. Be - ing gave; our Shepherd He, We his sheep his peo - ple be.
3. En - ter glad with so - lemn songs, Ho - ly hearts, and tune - ful tongues.
4. Mer - cy ne - ver leaves his throne, Truth and God are e - ver one.



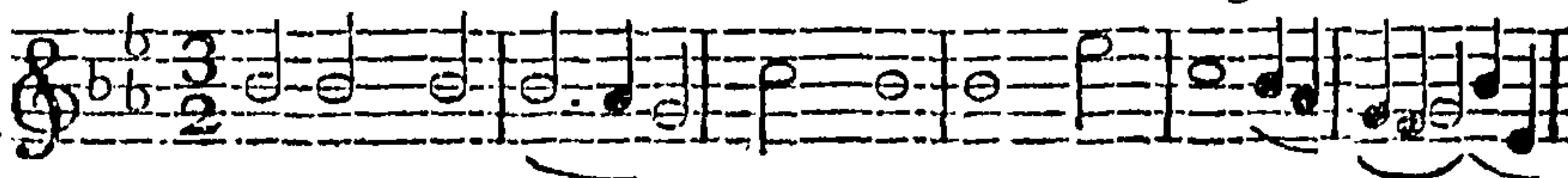
No. 8. — P S A L M XL.

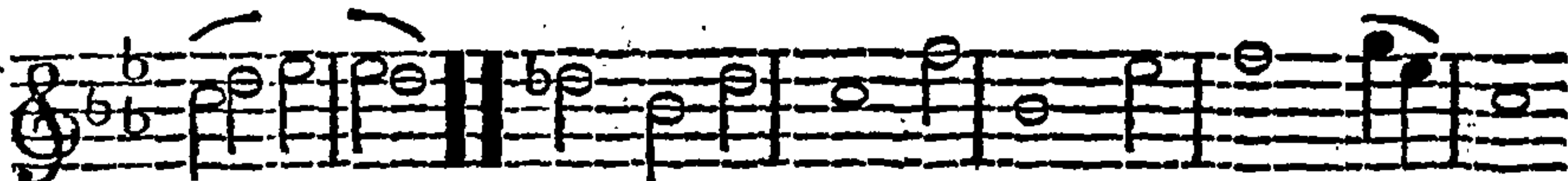
Andante.

New Version. — Long Metre.

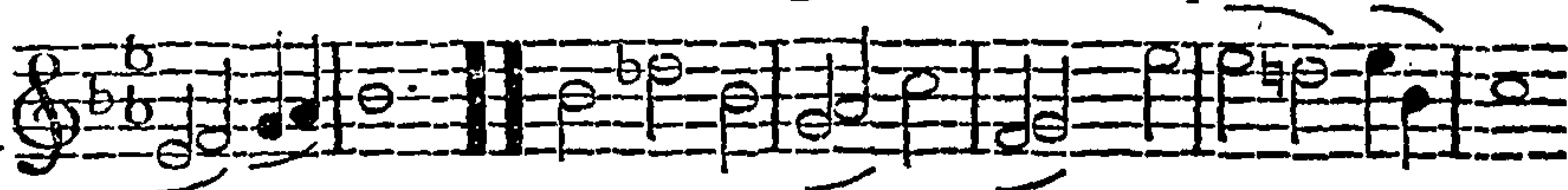


1. I wait - ed meek - ly for the Lord, Till He vouchsaf'd a
2. He took me from the dis - mal pit, When found - er'd deep in
3. The wonders He for me has wrought Shall fill my mouth with
4. For, blef - sings shall that man re - ward, Who on th'Al - migh - ty
5. Who can the wond'rous works re - count, Which Thou, O God, for
6. I've learnt that Thou hast not de - sir'd Of - f'rings and sa - cri -

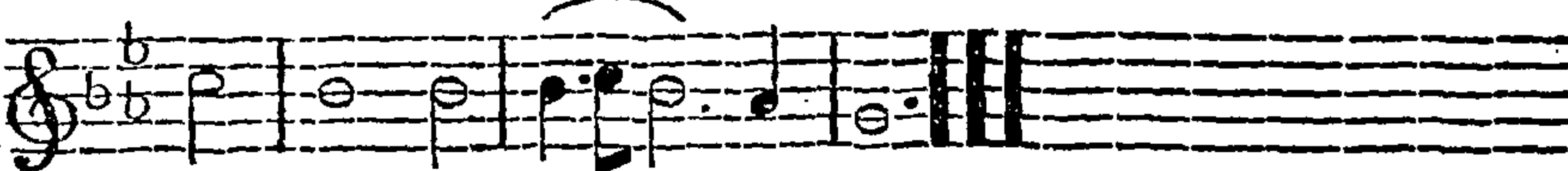




1. kind re - ply; Who did his gracious ear af - ford, And heard
 2. mi - ry clay; On so - lid ground He plac'd my feet, And suf -
 3. fered of praise; And o - thers to his wor - ship brought, To hopes
 4. Lord re - lies, Who treats the proud with dis - re - gard, And hates
 5. us hast wrought? The treasures of thy love sur - mount The pow'r
 6. fice a - lone; Nor blood of guilt - less beasts re - quir'd, For man's



1. from heav'n my hum - ble cry.
 2. fer'd not my steps to stray.
 3. of like de - liv' - rance raise.
 4. the hy - po - crite's dis - guise.
 5. of num - bers, speech, and thought.
 6. trans - gres - sion to a - tone.



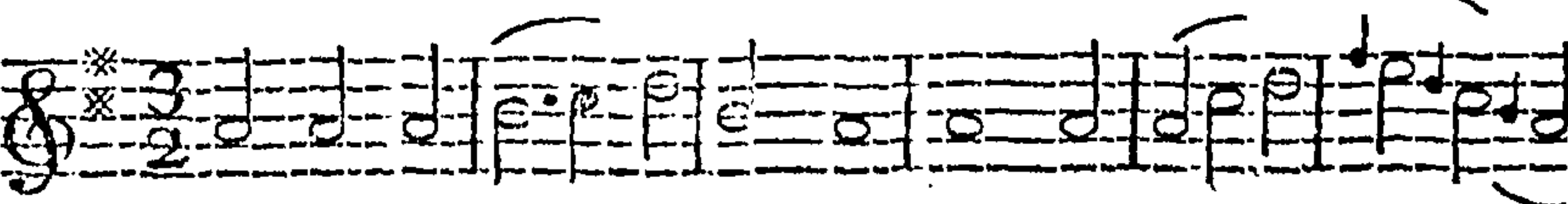
No. 9. — P S A L M LXV.

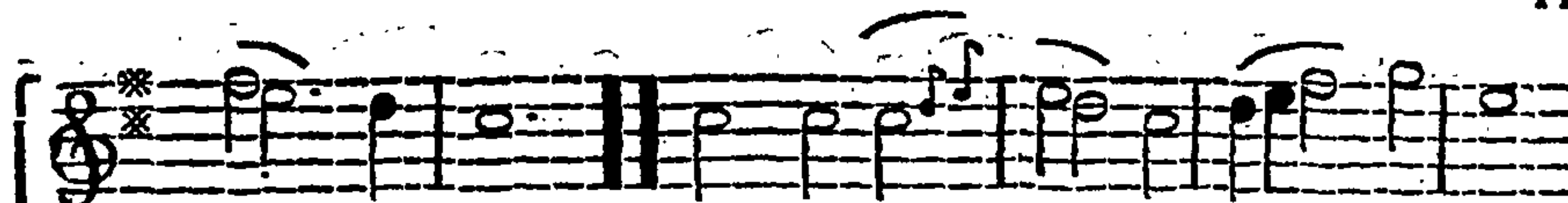
New Version. — Long Metre.

Lively.

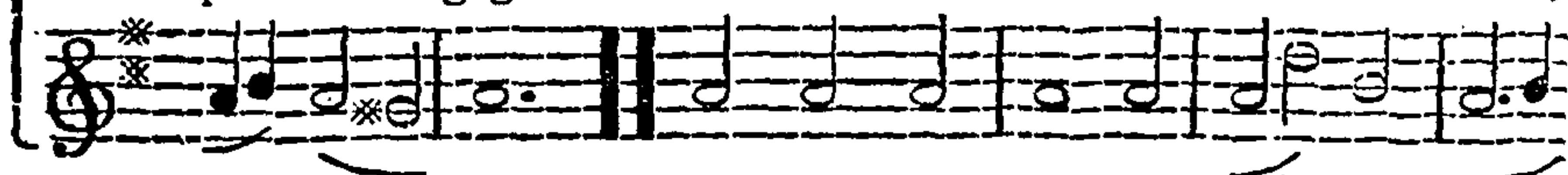


1. For Thee, O God, our con - stant praise In Si - on waits, thy
 2. O Thou, who to my hum - ble pray'r Didst always bend thy
 3. Our sins, though number - less, in vain, To stop thy flow - ing
 4. Blest is the man, who, near Thee plac'd, With - in thy sa - cred
 5. By wond'rous acts, O God most just, Have we thy gra - cious
 6. God, by his strength, sets fast the hills, And does his matchless

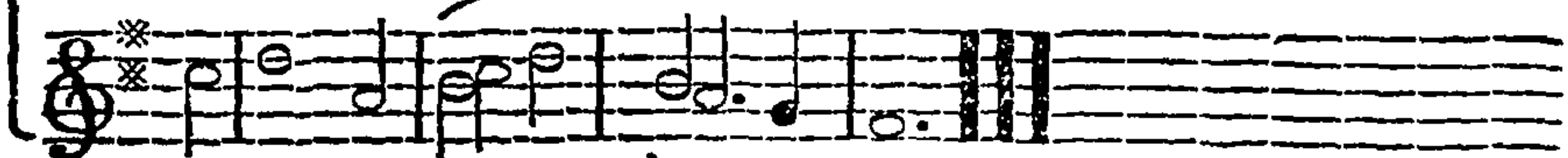




- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 1. cho - sen feat; | Our pro - mis'd al - tars there we'll raise, |
| 2. list'n - ing ear; | To Thee shall all man-kind re - pair, |
| 3. mer - cy try; | Whilst Thou o'er-look'st the guil - ty stain, |
| 4. dwell - ings lives; | Whilst we at hum - ble dis - tance taste |
| 5. an - swer found; | In Thee re - mo - test na - tions trust, |
| 6. pow'r en - gage; | With which the sea's loud waves He stills, |



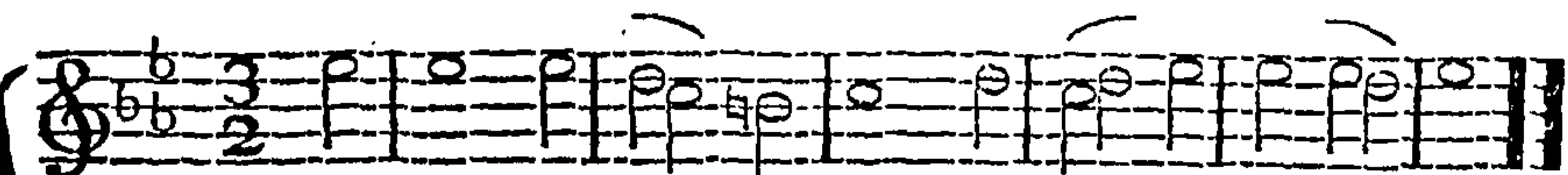
- | |
|--|
| 1. And all our zealous vows complete. |
| 2. And at thy gracious throne ap - pear. |
| 3. And wash-est out the crim - son dye. |
| 4. The vast de-lights thy tem - ple gives. |
| 5. And those whom stormy waves fur-round. |
| 6. And an - gry cloudstu - mul-tuous rage. |



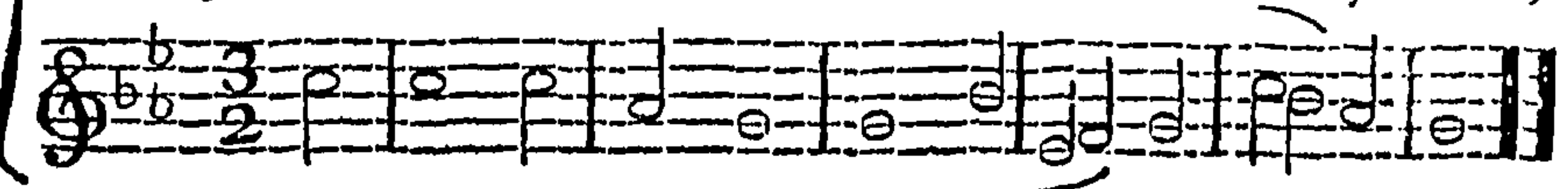
No. 10. — P S A L M CXXX.

Moderato.

New Version. — Short Metre.

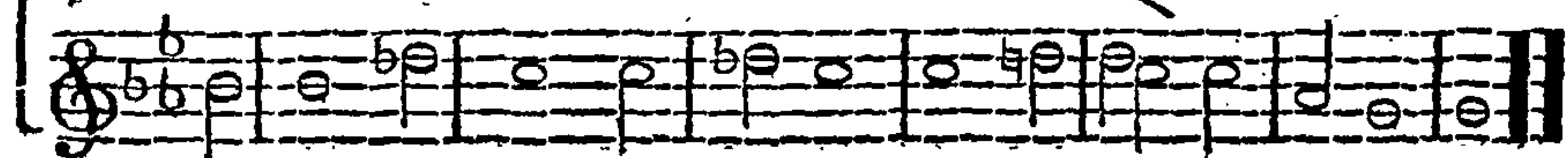


- | |
|--|
| 1. From low-est depths of woe, To God I sent my cry: |
| 2. Should'st thou se - vere - ly judge, Who can the tri - al bear? |
| 3. My soul with pa-tience waits For Thee, the li - ving Lord; |
| 4. My long-ing eyes look out For thy en-liv'n-ing ray, |
| 5. Let Is - rael trust in God; No bounds his mer - cy knows; |





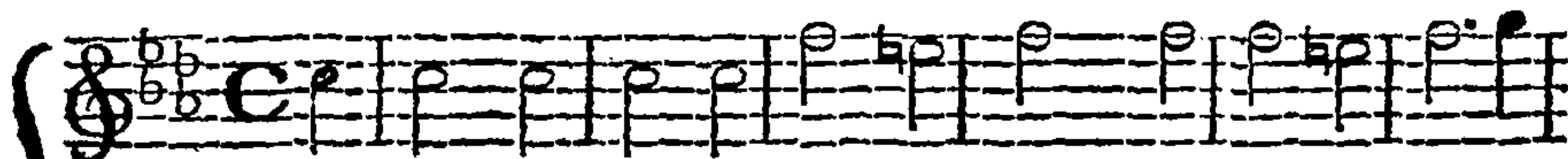
1. Lord, hear my sup - pli - ca - ting voice, And gra - ciouf - ly re - ply.
 2. But Thou for - giv'ft, left we despond, And quite renounce thy fear.
 3. My hopes are on thy pro - mise built, Thy ne - ver - fail - ing word.
 4. More du - ly than the morn - ing watch To spy the dawning day.
 5. The plenteous source and spring from whence E - ter - nal succour flows.



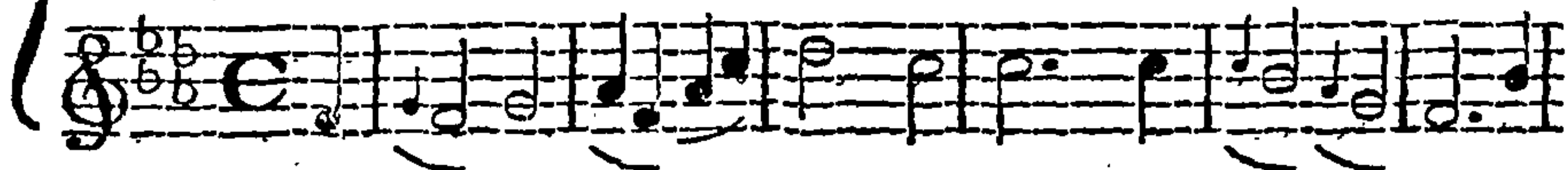
No. 11. — P S A L M CIX.

Andante.

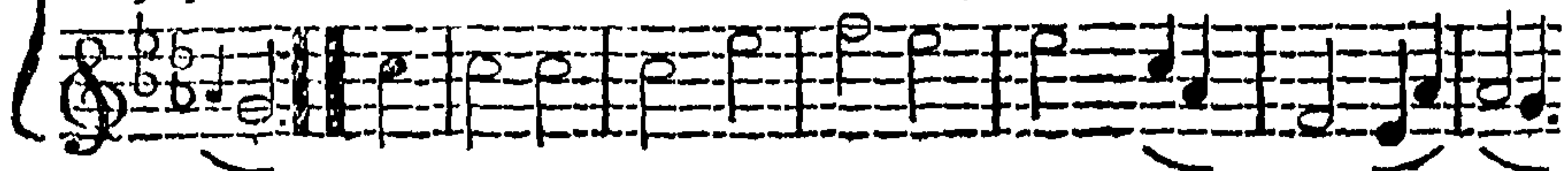
New Version, Common Metre. — Double Tune.

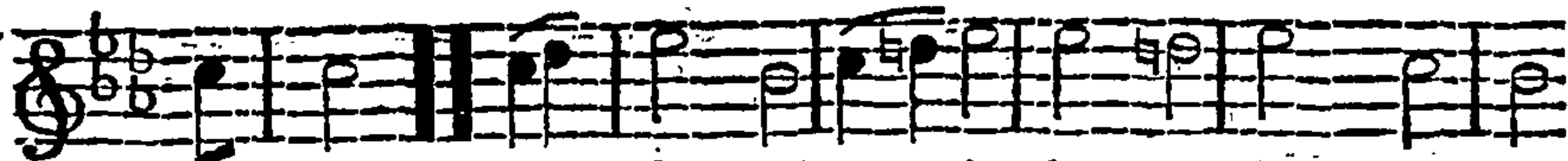


1. O God, whose for - mer mer - cies make My constant praise thy
 3. Their rest - less hatred prompts them still Ma - li - cious lies to
 5. Since mis - chief, for the good I did, Their strange reward doth

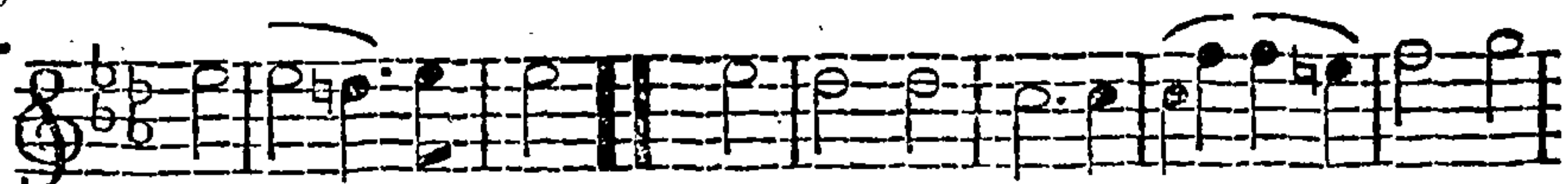
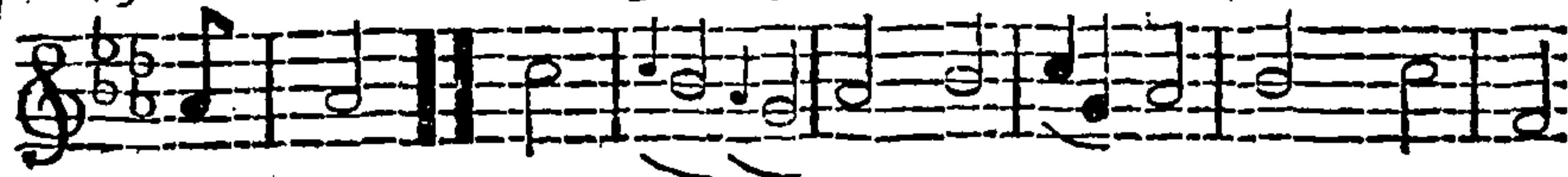


1. due, Hold not thy peace, but my sad state With wont - ed fa -
 3. spread; And all a - gainst my life com - bine, By cause - less fu -
 5. prove; And hatred's the re - turn they make For un - dis - sem -

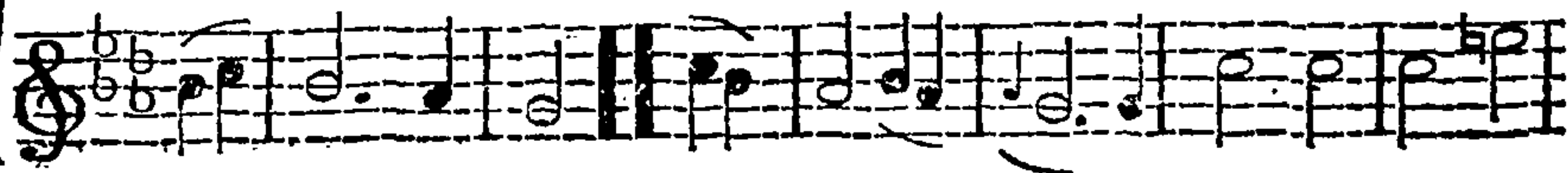




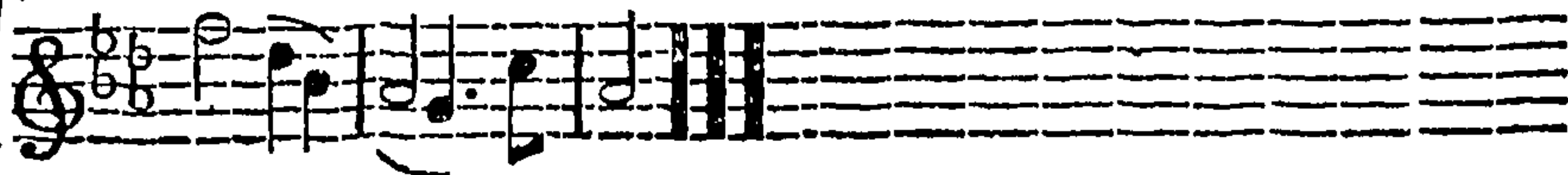
1. your view. 2. For, fin - ful men with ly - ing lips De - ceit -
 3. ry led. 4. Those, whom with tend'rest love I us'd, My chief
 5. bled love; 6. Their guil - ty lead - er' shall be made To some



2. ful speeches frame; And with their stu - dy'd slan - ders seek To
 4. op - po - sers are; Whilst I, of o - ther friends be - rest, Re -
 6. ill man a slave; And, when he's try'd, his mor - tal foe For



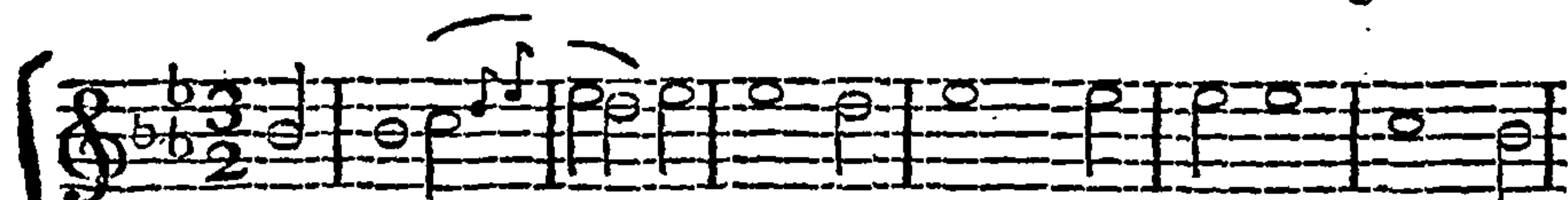
2. wound my spot - less fame.
 4. fort to Thee by pray'r.
 6. his ac - cu - ser have.



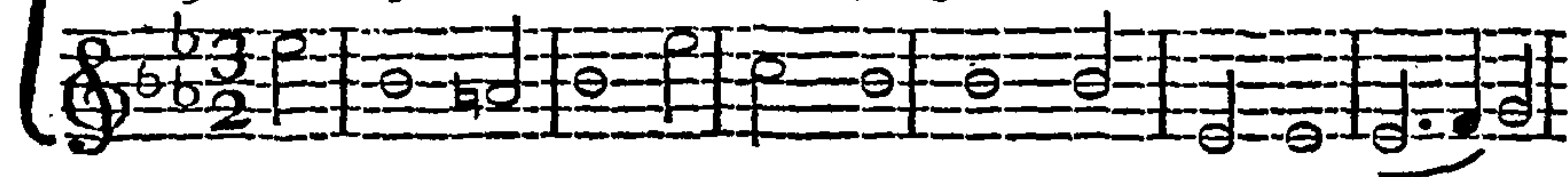
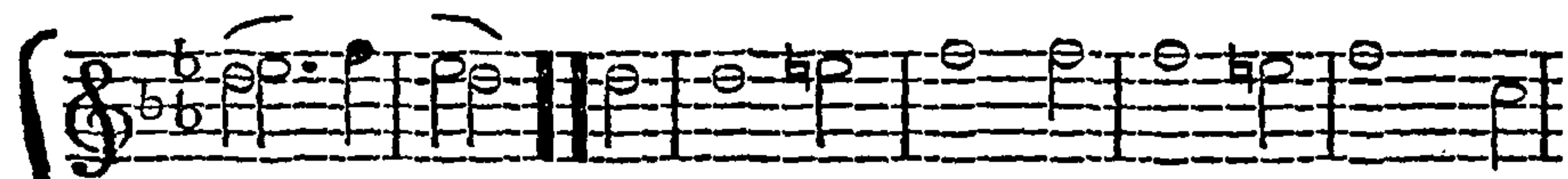
No. 12. — P S A L M CXXXIX.

Cheerful.

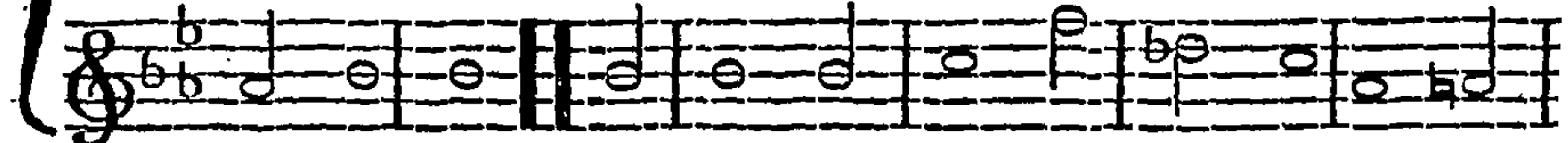
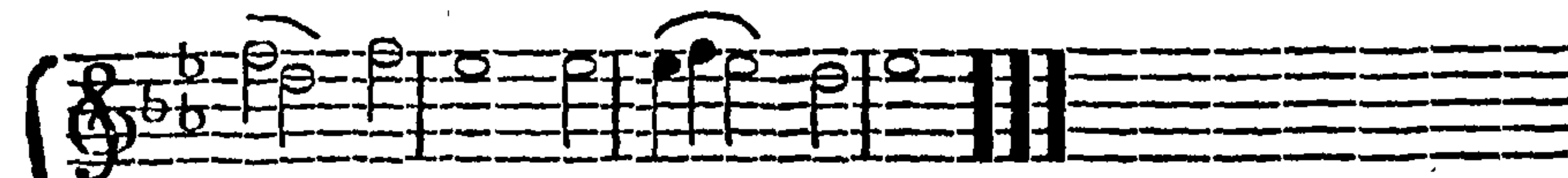
New Version. — Long Metre.




1. Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known My ri-sing up and
 2. Thine eye my bed and path sur-veys, My pub-lic haunts and
 3. Sur-rounded by thy pow'r I stand, On ev'-ry side I
 4. O could I so per-fi-dious be, To think of once de-
 5. If up to heav'n I take my flight, 'Tis there Thoudwell'st, en-

1. ly-ing down; My se-cret thoughts are known to Thee, Known
 2. pri-vate ways; Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent, My
 3. find thy hand: O skill, for hu-man reach too high; Too
 4. fert-ing Thee, How, Lord, could I thy in-fluence shun? Or
 5. thron'd in light: Or dive to hell's in-fer-nal plains, 'Tis

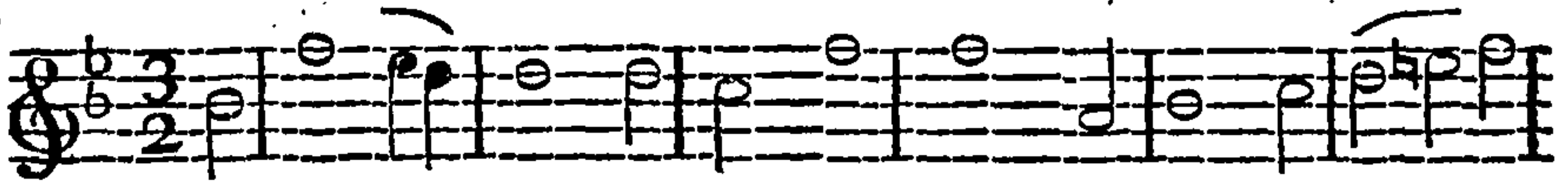
1. long be-fore con-ceiv'd by me.
 2. yet un-ut-ter'd words in-tent.
 3. daz-zling bright for mor-tal eye!
 4. whi-ther from thy pre-sence run?
 5. there Al-migh-ty vengeance reigns.



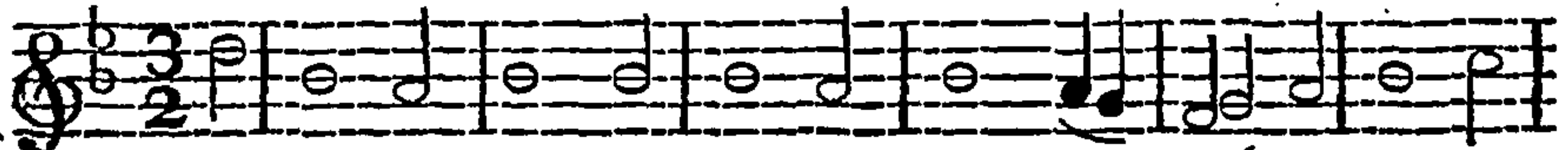
No. 13. — P S A L M CXIV.

Lively.

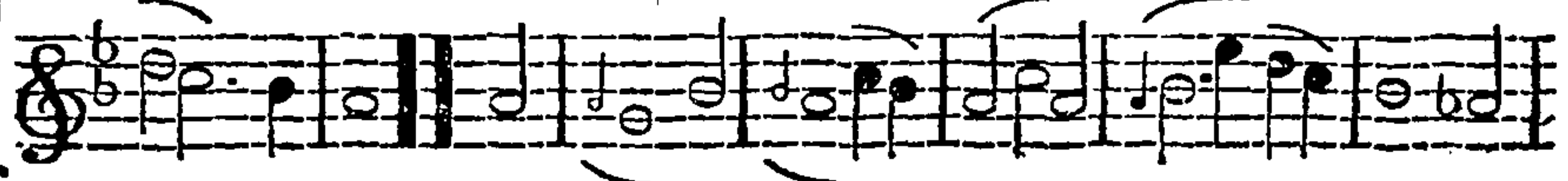
Long Metre. — Spectator, vol. vi. p. 369.



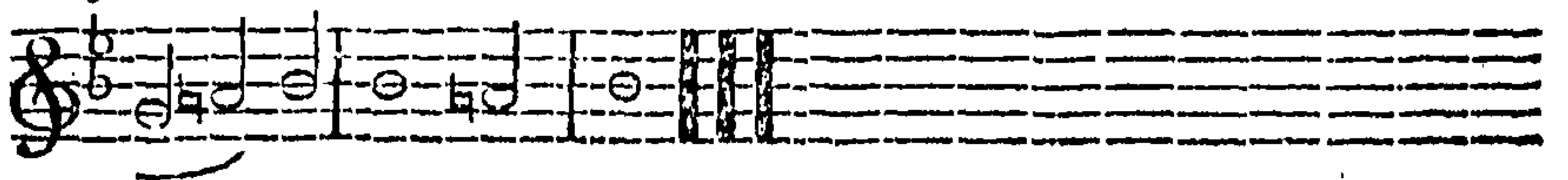
1. When Is - rael, freed from Pharoah's hand, Left the proud ty - rant
2. The mountains shook like fright-ed sheep, Like lambs the lit - tle
3. What pow'r could make the deep di - vide, Make Jor - dan backward
4. Let ev' - ry mountain, ev' - ry flood, Re - tire, and know th'ap -
5. He thun - ders, and all na - ture mourns, The rocks to stand - ing



1. and his land, The tribes with cheerful ho - mage own Their King, and
2. hil - locks leap; Not Si - nai on her base could stand, Conscious of
3. roll his tide? Why did you leap, ye lit - tle hills? And whence the
4. proaching God; The King of Is - rael, see Him here! Trem - ble, thou
5. pools he turns; Flints spring with fountains at his word, And fires and



1. Ju - dah was his throne.
2. sov'reign pow'r at hand.
3. fright that Si - nai feels?
4. earth, a - dore and fear!
5. seas con - fess their Lord.

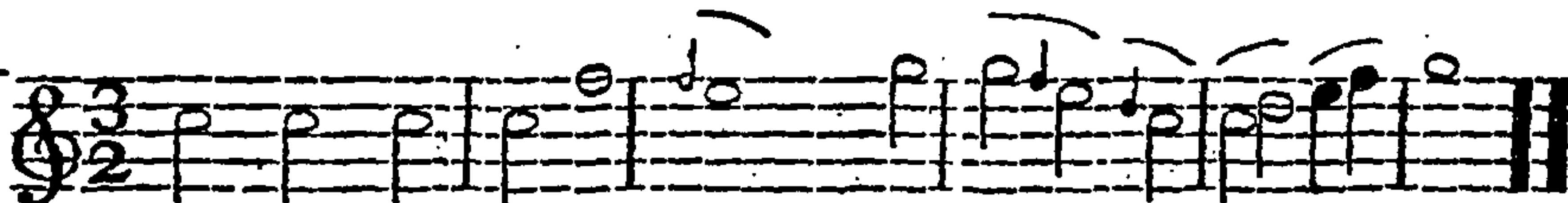


No. 14. — P S A L M CXXXVI.

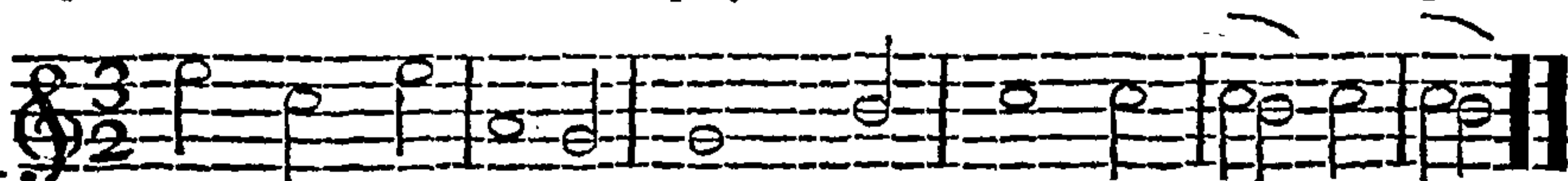
N. B. *After every Verse repeat the latter Part of the First Verse, For, God does prove, &c.*

Lively.

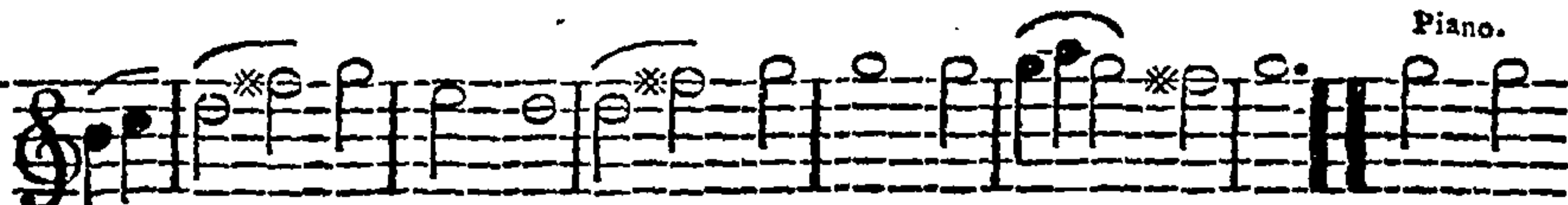
New Version. — Peculiar Metre.



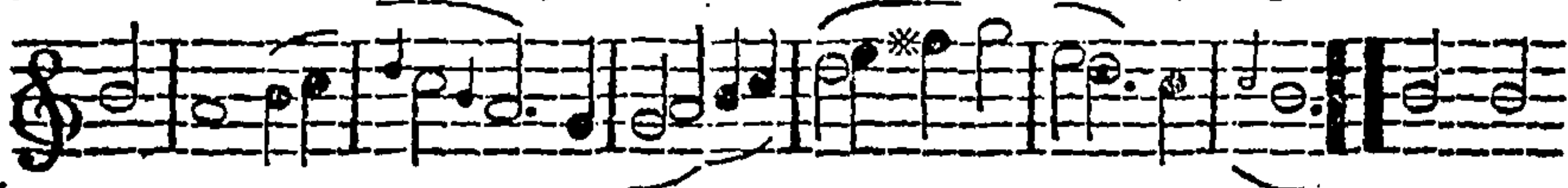
- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. To God, the migh-ty Lord, | Your joy - ful thanks re-peat; |
| 2. To Him, whose wond'rous pow'r | All o - ther gods o - bey, |
| 3. By his Al - migh - ty hand | A - ma - zing works are wrought; |
| 4. He spread the o - cean round | A - bout the spa-cious land; |
| 5. Thro' heav'n He did dis - play | His nu-m'rous hosts of light; |



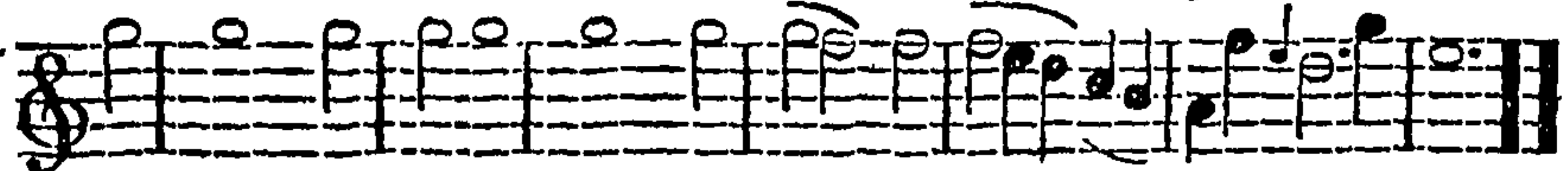
Piano.



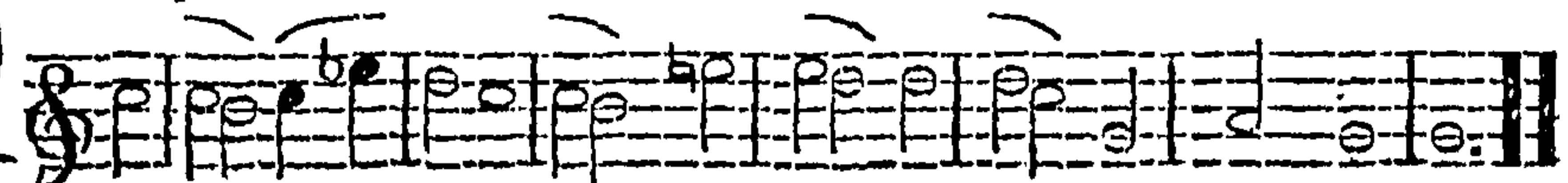
- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. To Him due praise af-ford | As good as He is great: For, God |
| 2. Whomearth-ly kings a-dore, | This grate-ful ho-mage pay: For, &c. |
| 3. The heav'ns by his command | Were to per - fec-tion brought: For, &c. |
| 4. And made the ri - sing ground | A-bove the wa - ters stand: For, &c. |
| 5. The sun to rule by day, | The moon and stars by night: For, &c. |



Forte.



does prove our constant friend, His boundless love shall have no end.



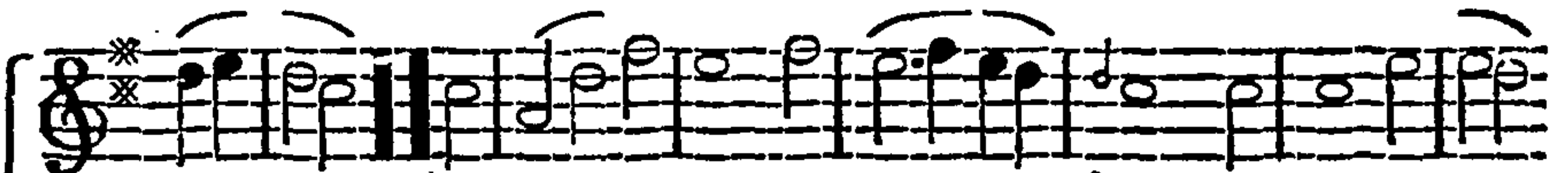
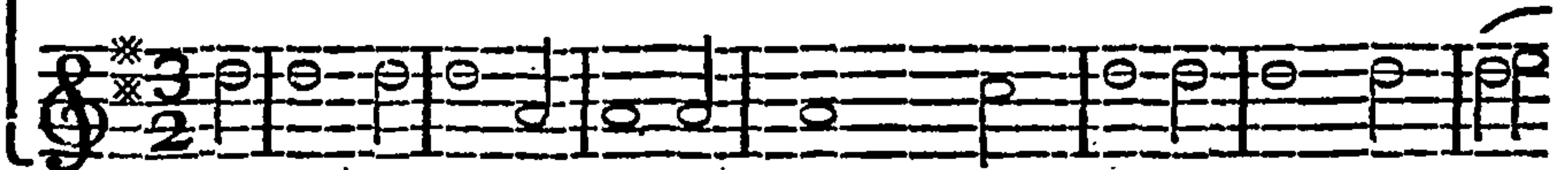
No. 15. — P S A L M CXIII.

Lively.

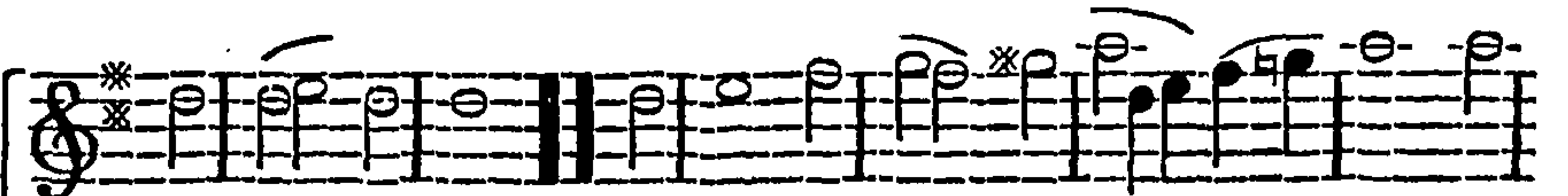
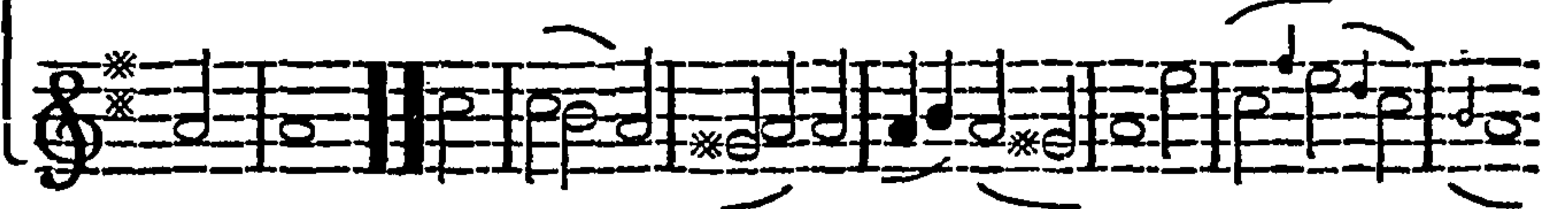
New Version. — Peculiar Metre.



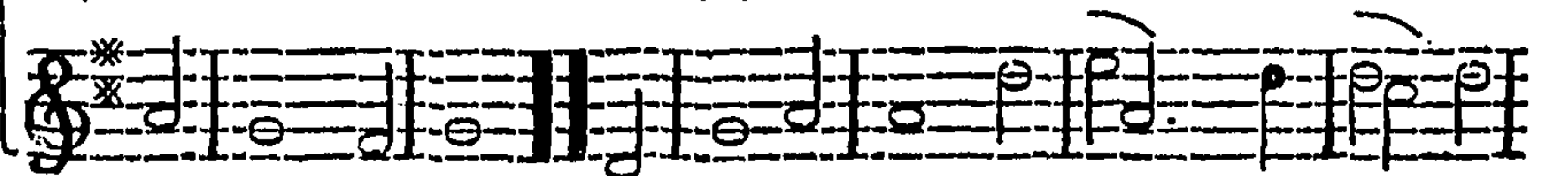
1. Ye saints and servants of the Lord, The triumphs of his name
 2. God thro' the world extends his sway; The regions of e - ter -
 3. Though 'tis beneath his state to view In high-est heav'n what an -
 4. When childless fa - mi - lies de - spair, He sends the blef - sing of

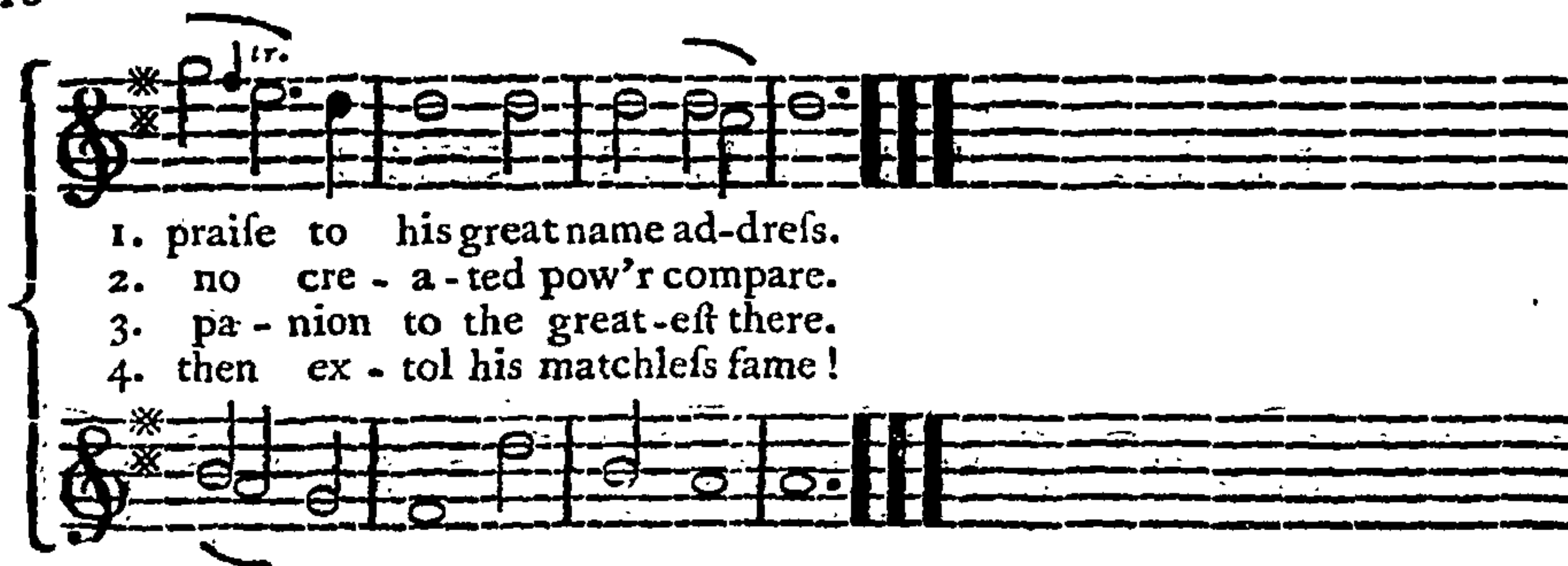


1. re - cord; His ho - ly name for e - ver blef. Where - e'er his cir -
 2. nal day But shadows of his glo - ry are; To Him whose ma -
 3. gels do, Yet He to earth vouchsafes his care: He takes the nee -
 4. an heir, To rescue their ex - pi - ring name; Makes her that bar -



1. cling sun dis - plays His ri - sing beams and set - ting rays, Due
 2. jef - ty ex - cels, Who made the heav'n in which He dwells, Let
 3. dy from his cell, Ad - van - cing him in courts to dwell, Com -
 4. ren was to bear, And joy - ful - ly her fruit to rear: O





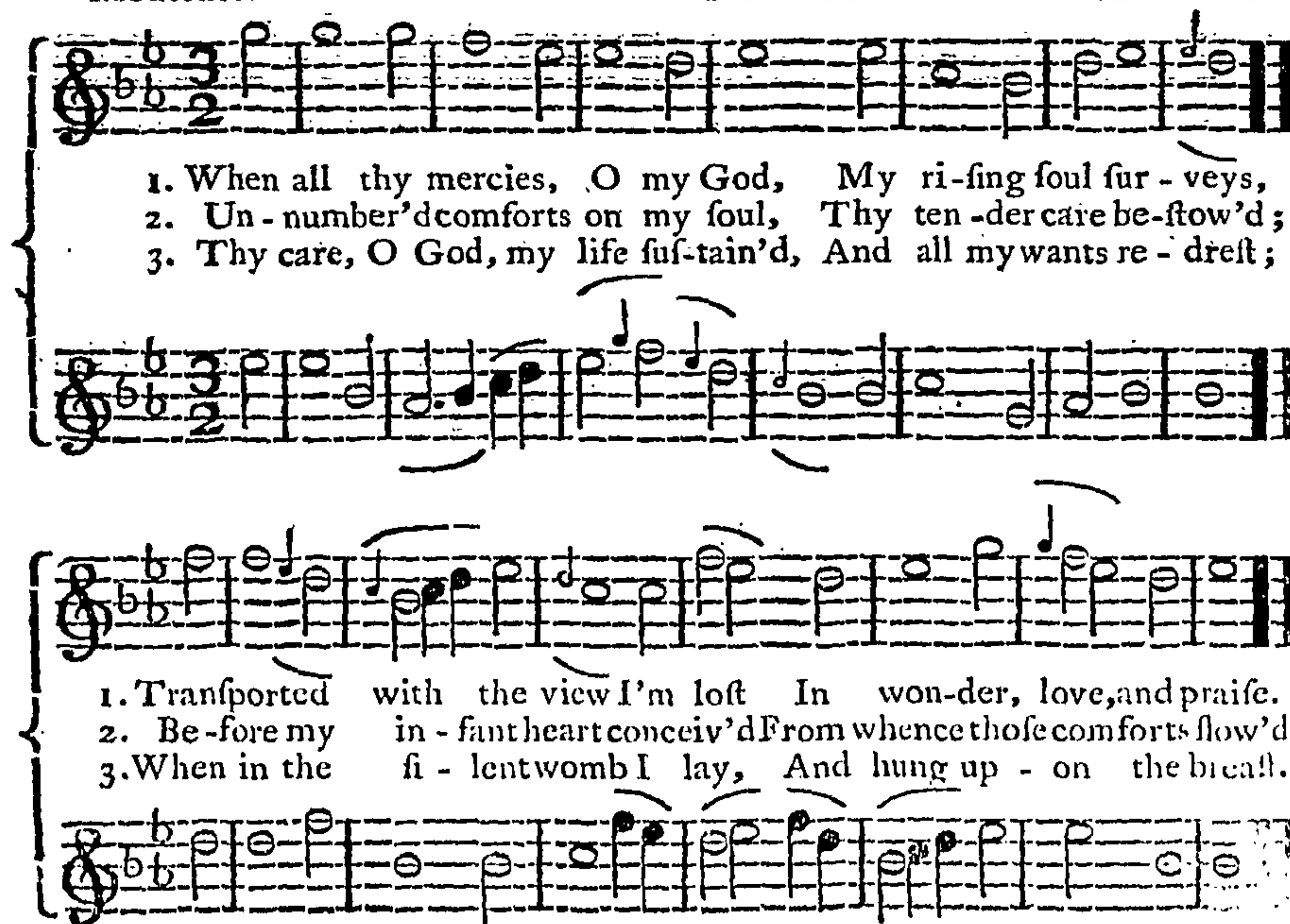
1. praise to his great name ad-dress.
 2. no cre - a - ted pow'r compare.
 3. pa - nion to the great-est there.
 4. then ex - tol his matchless fame!

No. 16. — P S A L M XV.

HYMN, by Mr. Addison, Spectator, vol. vi. p. 321.

Moderato.

New Version. — Common Metre.



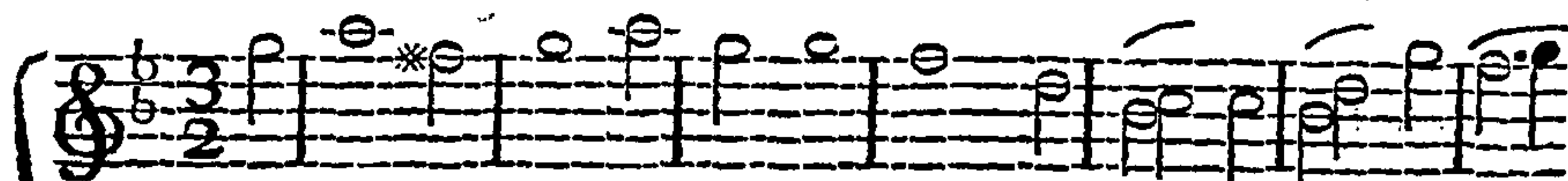
1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ri-sing soul sur-veys,
 2. Un-number'd comforts on my soul, Thy ten-der care be-stow'd;
 3. Thy care, O God, my life sus-tain'd, And all my wants re-dress;

1. Transported with the view I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
 2. Be-fore my in-fant heart conceiv'd From whence those comforts flow'd.
 3. When in the si-lent womb I lay, And hung up-on the brea-st.

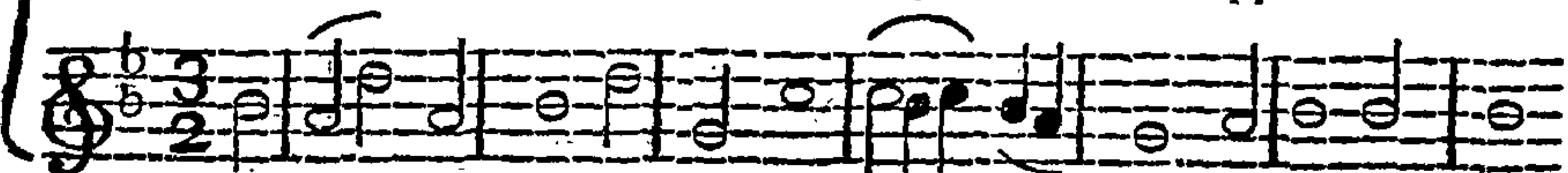
No. 17. — P S A L M XLIII.

Moderato.

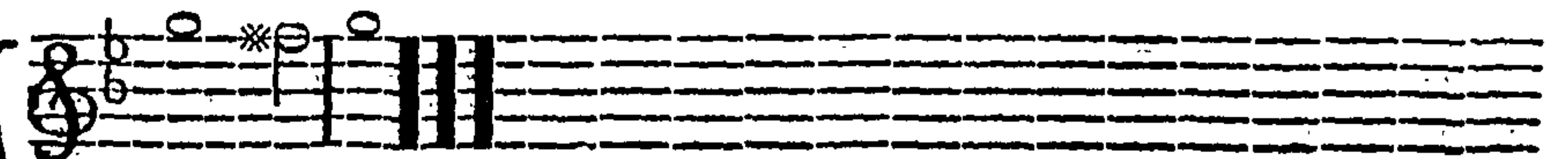
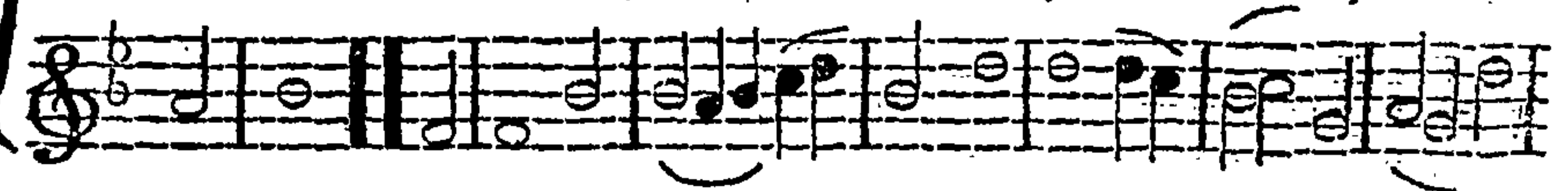
New Version. — Long Metre.



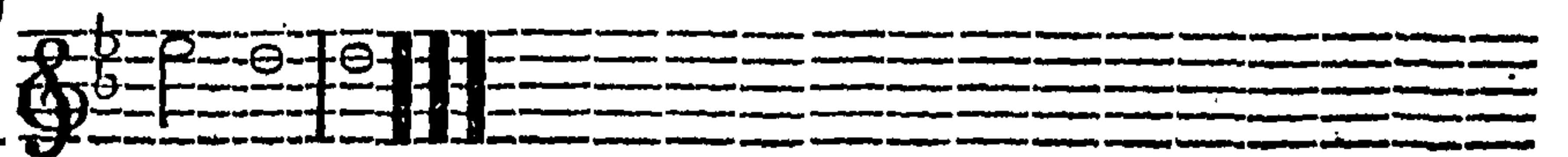
1. Just Judge of heav'n, a-gainst my foes Do Thou as- sert my in-
2. Since Thou art still my on - ly stay, Why leav'st Thou me in deep
3. Let me with light and truth be blest'd; Be these my guides, and lead
4. Then will I there fresh al - tars raise, To God, who is my on-
5. Why then cast down, my soul? and why So much oppress'd with anx-



1. jur'd right; O set me free, my God, from those That in de - ceit and
2. dis - tress? Why go I mourning all the day, Whilst me in - sulting
3. the way; Till on thy ho - ly hill I rest, And in thy sa - cred
4. ly joy; And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise, Shall all my grateful
5. ious care? On God, thy God, for aid re - ly, Who will thy ruin'd



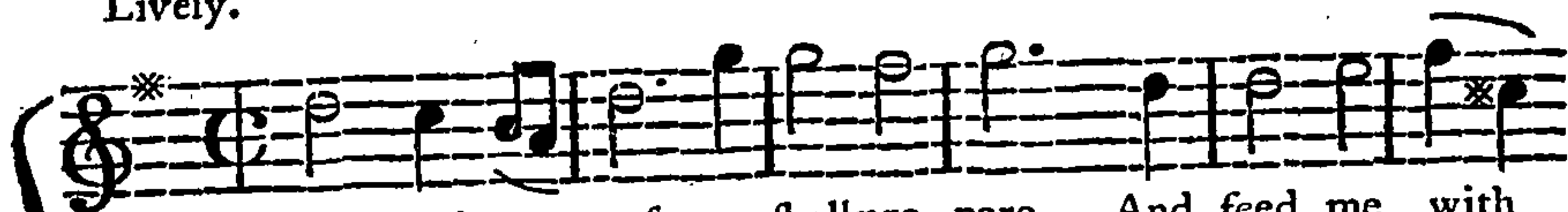
1. wrong de-light.
2. foes op-press.
3. tem - ple pray.
4. hours employ.
5. Itate re-pair.



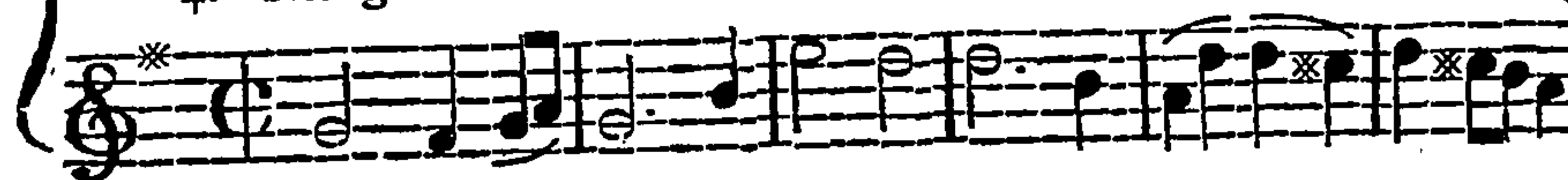
No. 18. — H Y M N,

By Mr. Addison, Spectator, vol. vi. p. 254.

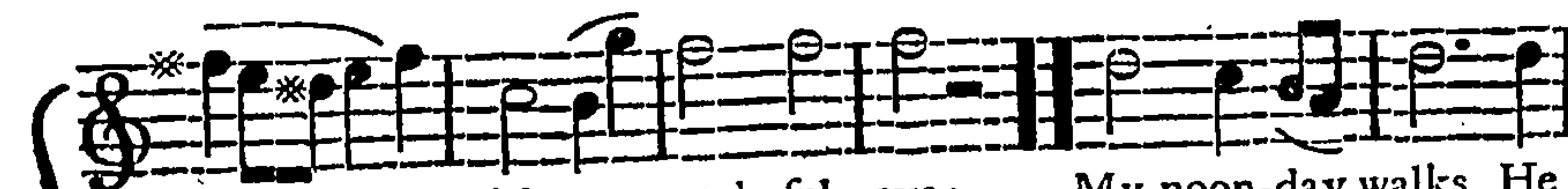
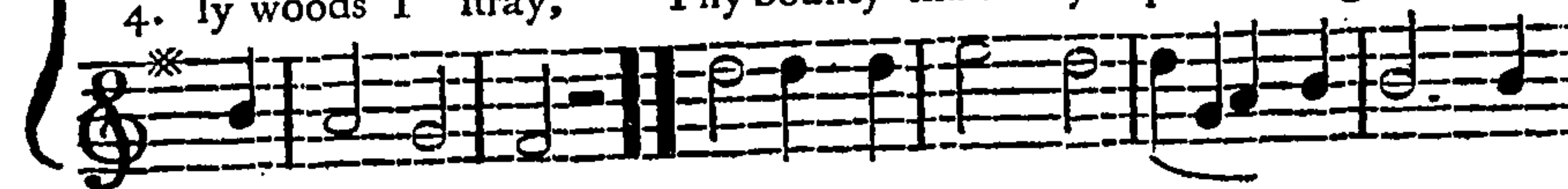
Lively.



1. The Lord my pas-ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with
2. When in the ful-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirf-
3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloo-my hor-
4. Though in a bare and rugged way, Through de-vious lone-



1. a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants sup-ply, And
2. ty moun-tain pant, To fer-tile vales and dew-y meads My
3. rors o-ver-spread, My sted-fast heart shall fear no ill, For
4. ly woods I stray, Thy bounty shall my pains be-guile, The

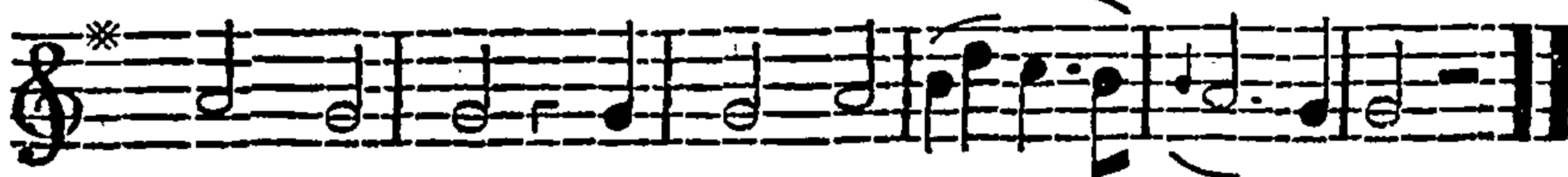


1. guard me with a watch-ful eye; My noon-day walks He
2. wea-ry wand'ring steps He leads; Where peaceful ri-vers,
3. Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend-ly crook shall
4. bar-ren wil-der-ness shall smile, With sud-den green and





1. shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
 2. soft and flow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.
 3. give me aid, And guide me through the dread - ful shade.
 4. her - bage crown'd, And streams shall mur - mur all 'a - round.



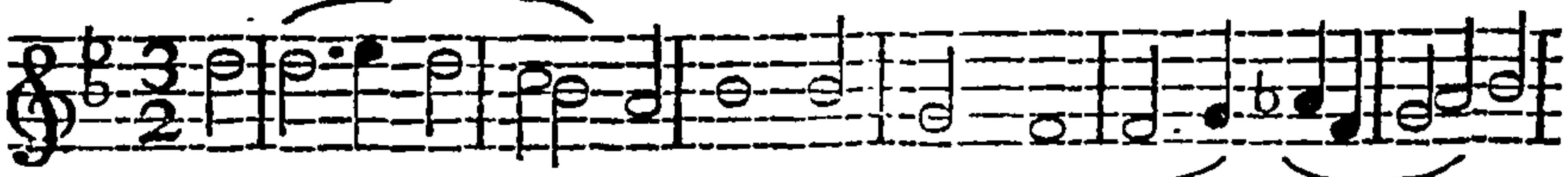
No. 19. — P S A L M LXIII.

Moderato.

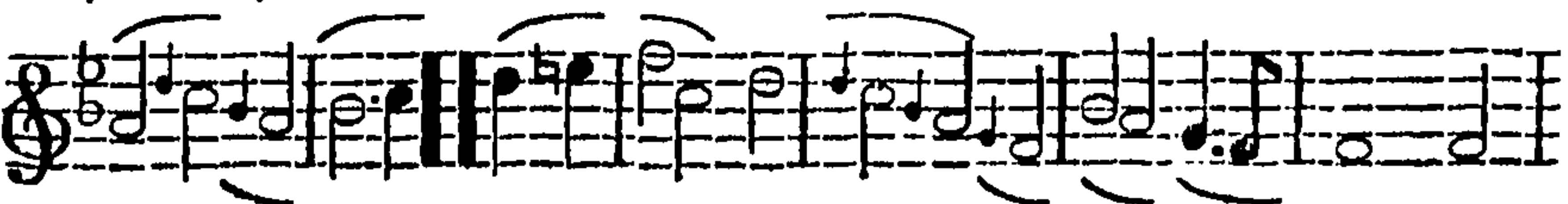
Peculiar Metre.



1. O God, my gracious God, to Thee, My morning pray'rs shall
 2. O to my long-ing eyes once more That view of glo-rious
 3. My life, while I that life en - joy, In blef-sing God I
 4. When down I lie, sweet sleep to find, Thou, Lord, art pre - sent

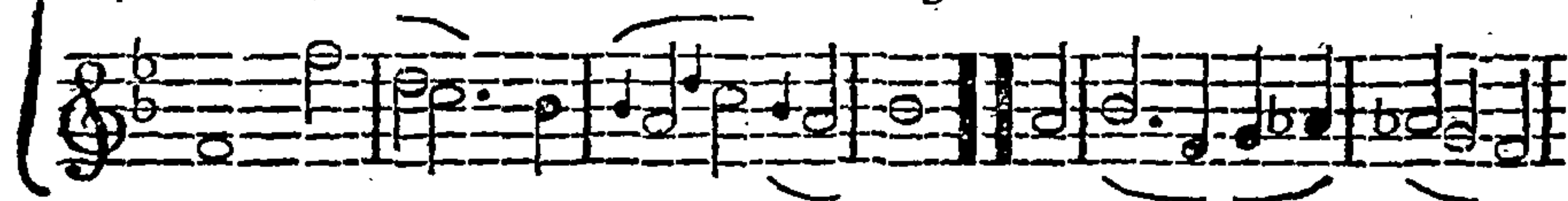


1. of-fer'd be; For Thee my thirf - ty soul doth pant: My
 2. pow'r restore, Which thy ma - jef - tic house dis-plays; Be-
 3. will em-ploy, With lift - ed hands a - dore his name. My
 4. to my mind, And when I wake in dead of night: Be-

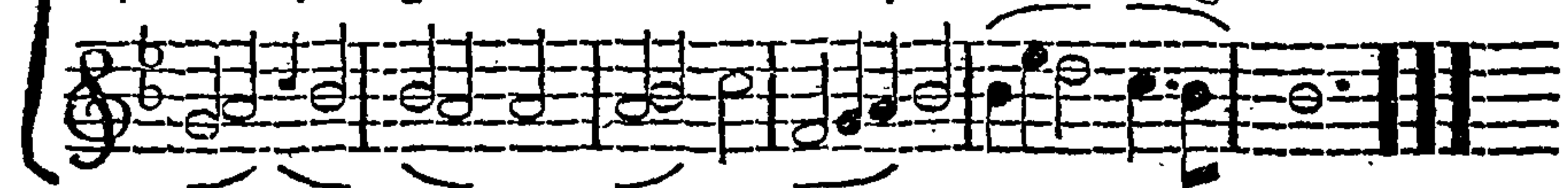




1. faint-ing flesh im-plores thy grace, With-in this dry and
 2. cause to me thy won-d'rous love Than life it-self doth
 3. soul's con-tent shall be as great As their's who choi-cest
 4. cause Thou still dost suc-cour bring, Be-neath the sha-dow



1. bar-ren place, Where I re-fresh-ing wa-ters want.
 2. dear-er prove, My lips shall al-ways speak thy praise.
 3. dainties eat, While I with joy his praise pro-claim.
 4. of thy wing, I rest with safe-ty and de-light.



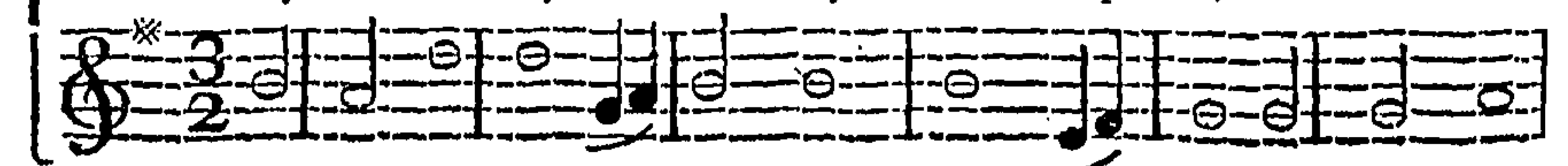
No. 20. — P S A L M XLII.

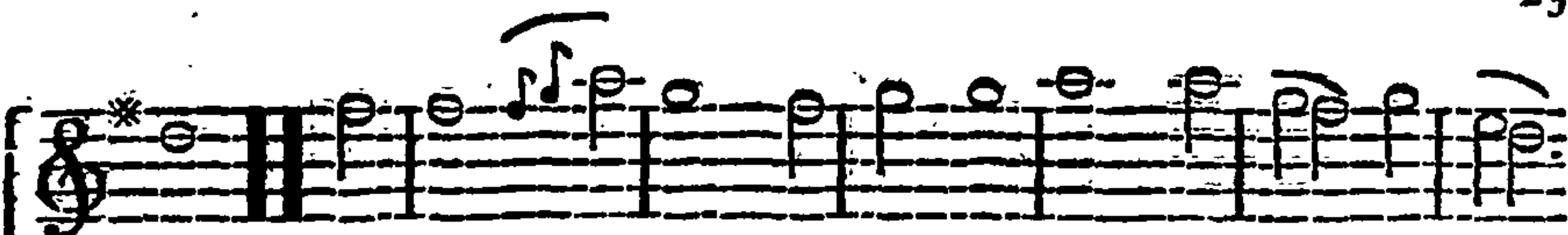
Andante.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12.

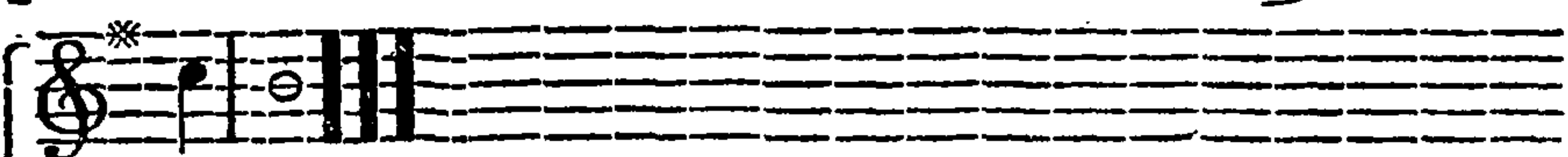
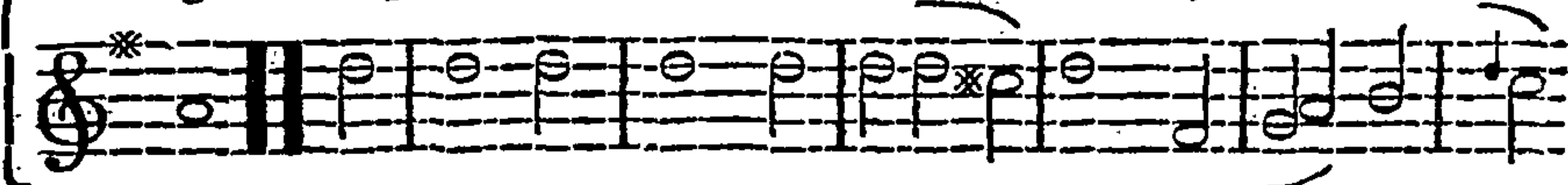


1. As pants the hart with cool-ing streams, When heat-ed by the
 2. For Thee, my God, the li-ving God, My thirst-y soul doth
 3. Tears are my con-stant food, while thus In-sulting foes up-
 4. I sigh where'er my mu-sing thoughts Those hap-py days pre-
 5. When I advanc'd with songs of praise, My so-lemn vows to
 12. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt

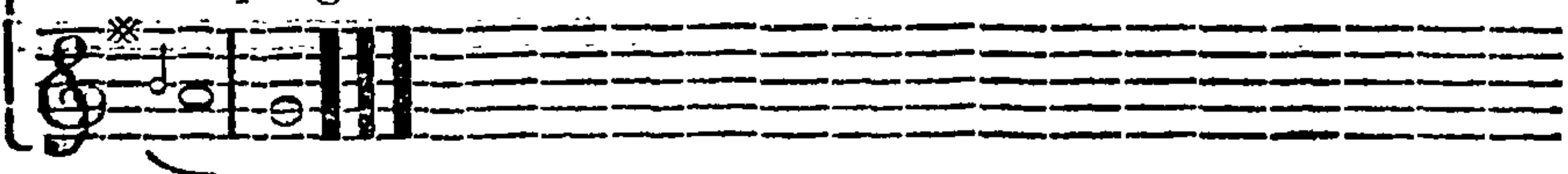




1. chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee And thy re-fresh-
 2. pine: O when shall I be-hold thy face, Thy Ma-jes-ty
 3. braid: "De-lu-ded wretch, where's now thy God? And where his pro-
 4. sent; When I with troops of pi-ous friends Thy tem-ple did
 5. pay, And led the joy-ful sa-cred throng That kept the . fes-
 12. sing The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e-ter-



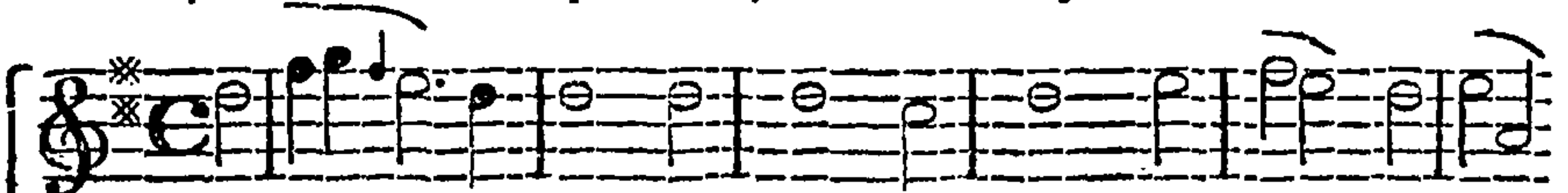
1. ing grace.
 2. di-vine!
 3. mis'd aid?"
 4. fre-quent.
 5. tal day.
 12. nal spring.



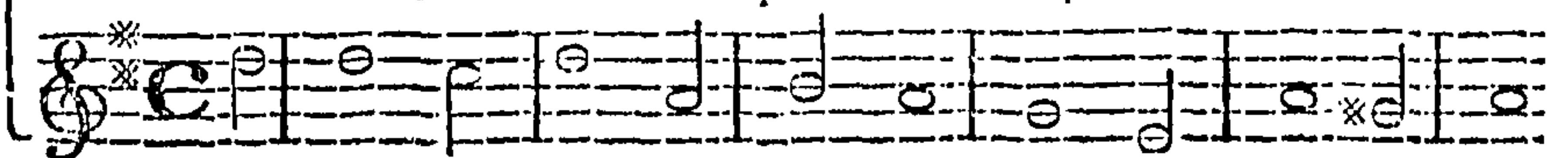
No. 21. — BENEDICITE.

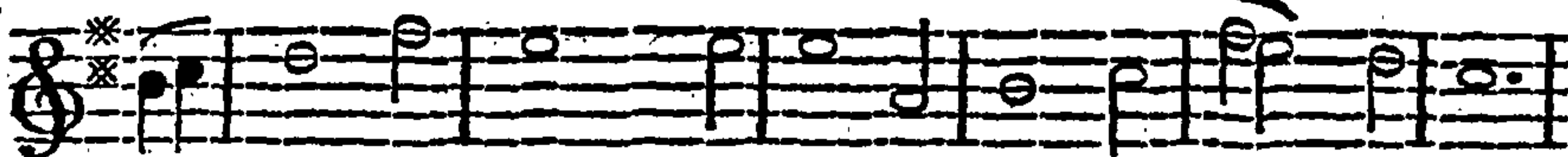
Lively.

Paraphrased by the late Rev. James Merrick, M. A.



1. Ye works of God, on Him a-lone, On earth, his foot-
 2. Ye an-gels, that, with loud ac-claim, Ad-mi-ring, view'd
 3. Praise Him, ye blest'd e-the-real plains, Where in full ma-
 4. Ye thrones, do-mi-nions, vir-tues, pow'rs, Join ye your joy-
 5. Ce-lest-tial orb! whose pow'r-ful ray Ope the glad eye-
 6. Ye glit-t'ring pla-nets of the sky, Whose lamps the ab-
 7. Ye show'rs and dews, whose mois-ture shed Calls in-to life
 8. Ye winds, that oft tem-pes-tuous sweep The rus-sled fur-

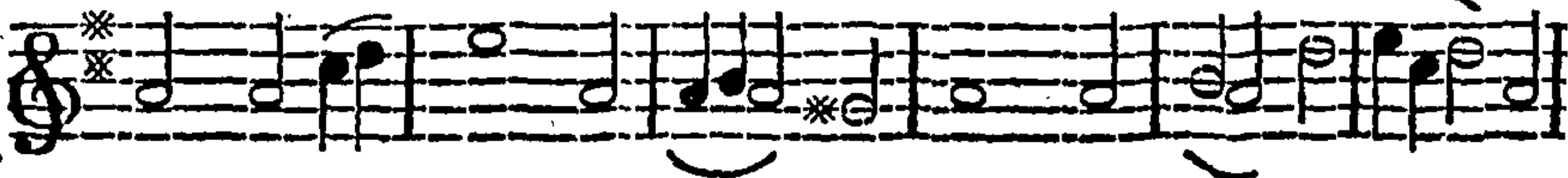


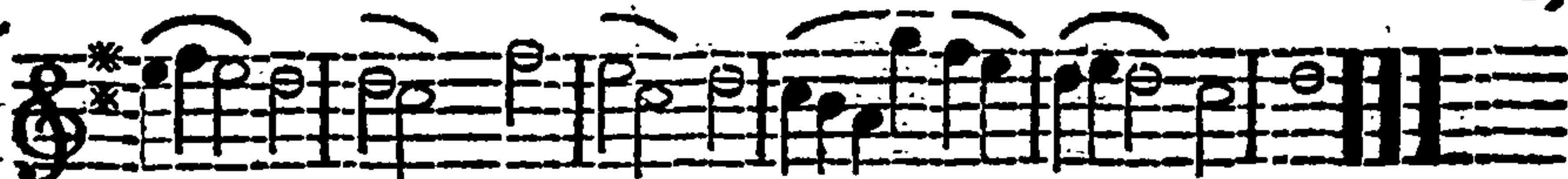


1. stool, heav'n, his throne, Be all, be all your praise be-stow'd;
2. the new-born frame, And hail'd, and hail'd th'e - ter - nal King:
3. jef - ty He deigns To fix, to fix his aw - ful throne:
4. ful songs with ours, With us, with us your voi - ces raise:
5. lids of the day; Whose influence all things, all things own:
6. sent sun sup - ply, With him, with him the song pur - sue:
7. the op'n - ing feed, To Him, to Him your prai - ses yield:
8. face of the deep, With us, with us con - fess your God:

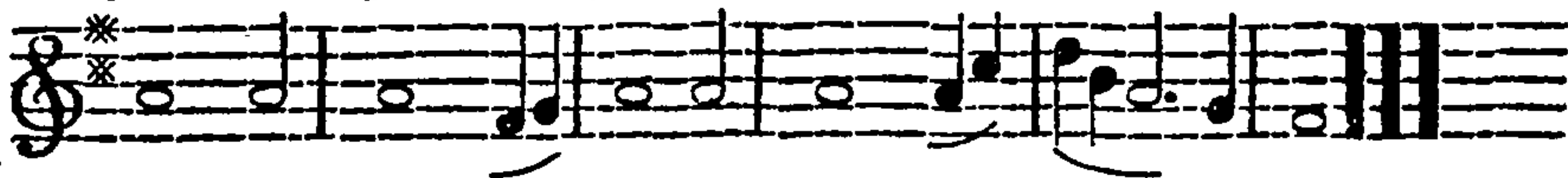


1. Whose hand the shi - ning fa - bric made, Whose eye the fi-nish'd
2. A - gain pro-claim your Ma - ker's praise, A - gain your thankful
3. Ye wa - ters, that a - bove him roll, From orb to orb, from
4. From age to age ex - tend the lay, To heav'n's e - ter - nal
5. Praise Him whose courts ef - ful - gent shine, With light as far ex -
6. And let him - self sub - mis - sive own, He bor - rows from a
7. Whose in-fluence wakes the ge - nial birth, Drops fat - ness on the
8. See through the heav'n's the King of kings, Up - borne on your ex -





1. world sur-vey'd, And saw, and saw that all was good.
2. voi-ces raise, And touch, and touch the tune-ful string.
3. pole to pole, O make, O make his prai-ses known.
4. Monarch pay Hymns of, hymns of e-ter-nal praise.
5. cell-ing thine, As thine, as thine the pa-ler moon.
6. bright-er sun, The light, the light he lends to you.
7. preg-nant earth, And crowns, and crowns the laugh-ing field.
8. pand-ed wings, Comes fly-ing, fly-ing all a-broad.

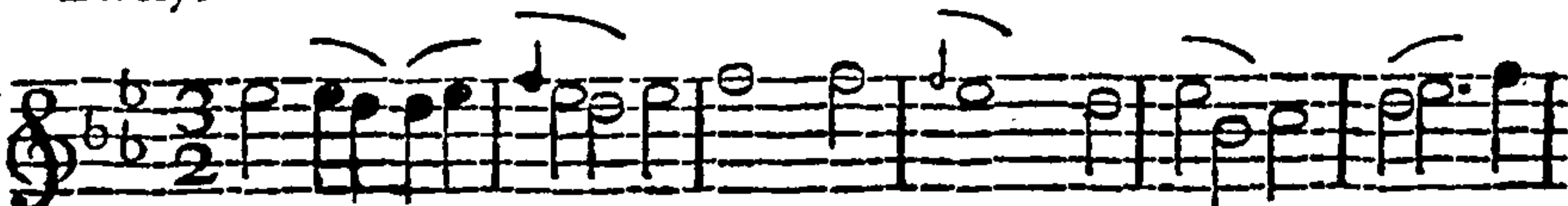


No. 23. — H Y M N,

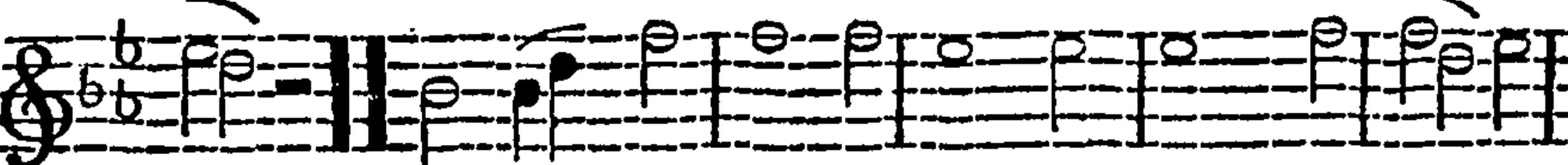
Written by the late Rev. James Merrick, M. A.

Lively.

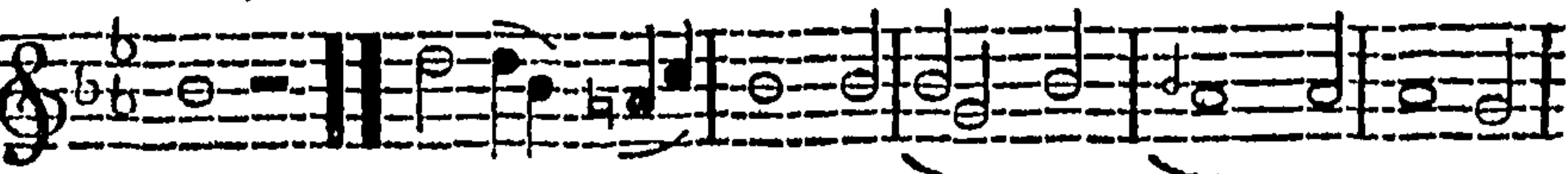
Common Metre.

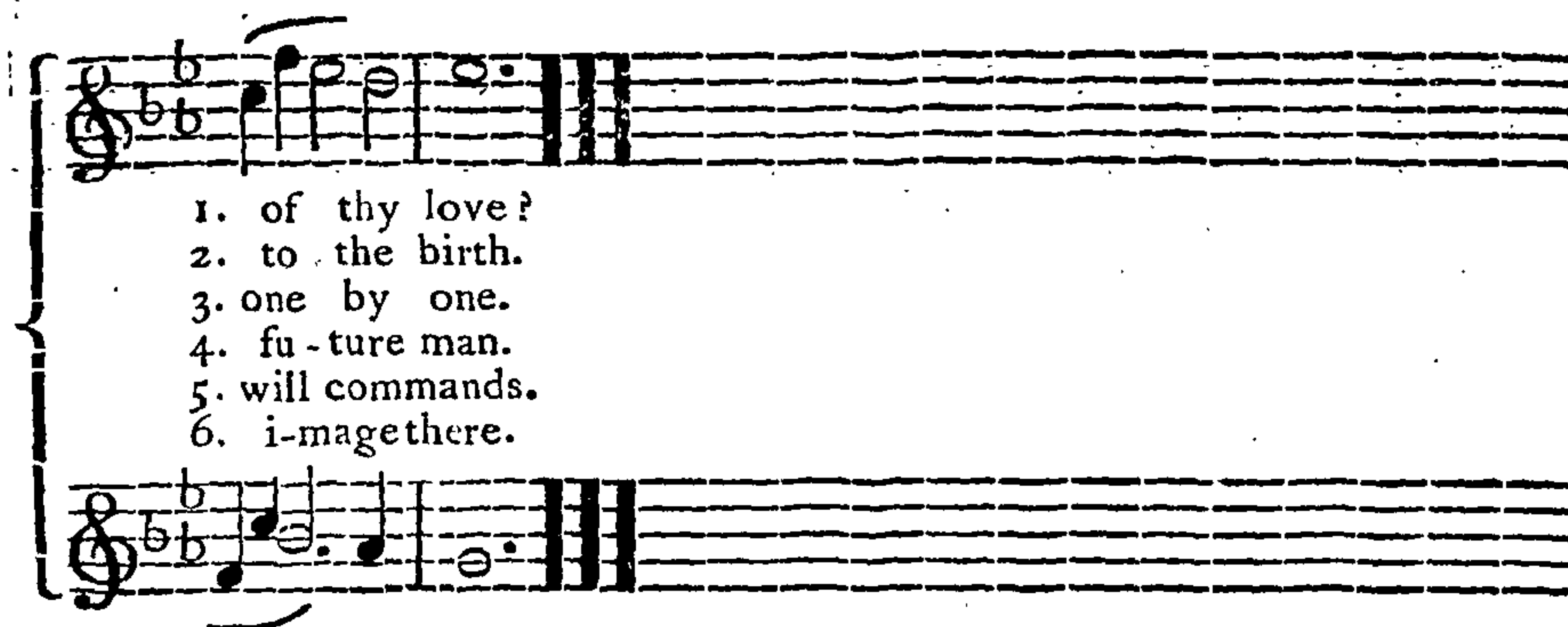


1. God of my life, whose ten-der care First gave me pow'r to
2. While void of sense and thought I lay, Dust of my pa-rent
3. From Thee the parts their fa-shion took, E'er life was yet be-
4. Thine eye be-held in o-pen view The yet un-fi-nish'd
5. O may the frame, that ri-sing grew Be-neath thy plas-tic
6. The soul that moves this earth-ly load, Thy semblance let it



1. move, How shall my thankful heart de-clare The wonders
2. earth, Thy breath in-form'd the sleep-ing clay, And call'd me
3. gun; And in the vo-lume of thy book Are writ-ten
4. plan; The sha-dowy lines thy pen-cil drew, And form'd the
5. hands, Be e-ver stu-dious to pur-sue What-e'er thy
6. bear; Nor lose the tra-ces of the God, Who stamp'd an





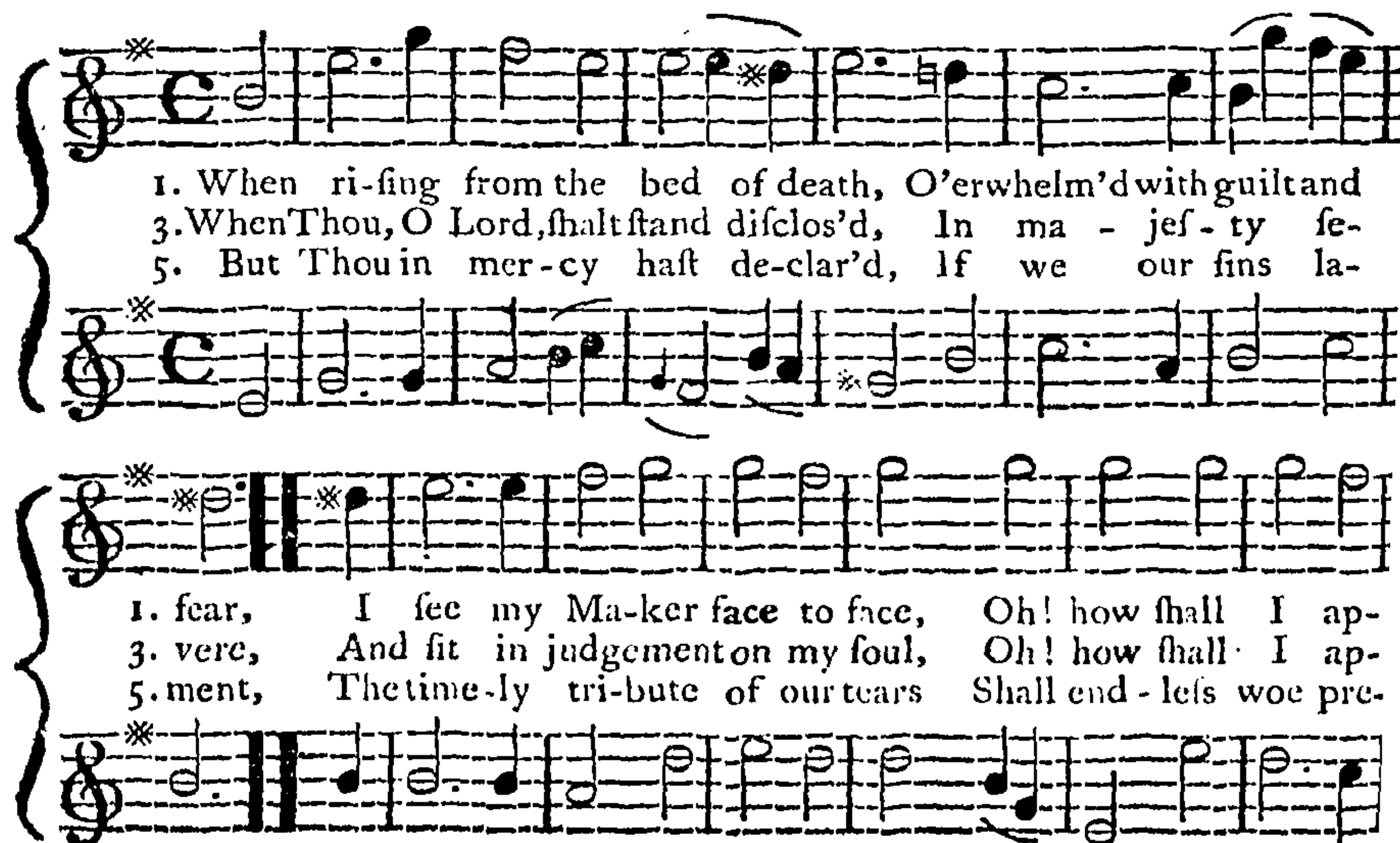
1. of thy love?
2. to the birth.
3. one by one.
4. fu-ture man.
5. will commands.
6. i-magethere.

No. 24. — H Y M N,

By Mr. Addison, Spectator, vol. vii. p. 221.

Andante.

Common Metre. — Double Tune.

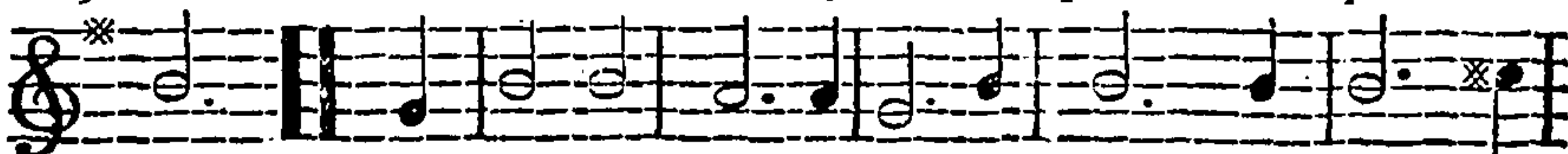


1. When ri-sing from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and
3. When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd, In ma-jes-ty fe-
5. But Thou in mer-cy hast de-clar'd, If we our sins la-

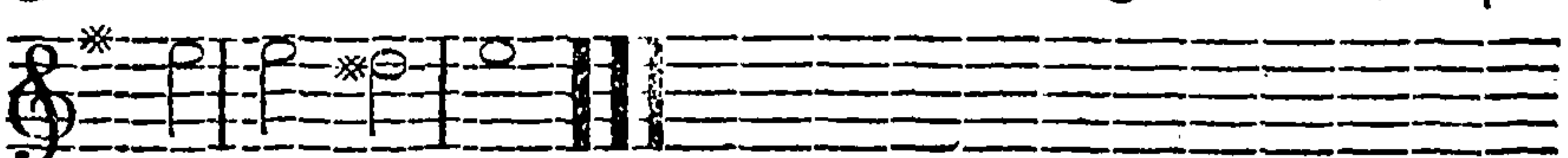
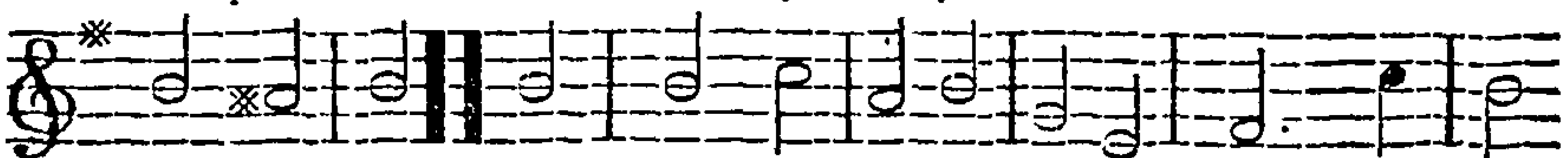
1. fear, I see my Ma-ker face to face, Oh! how shall I ap-
3. vere, And sit in judgement on my soul, Oh! how shall I ap-
5. ment, The time-ly tri-bute of our tears Shall end-less woe pre-



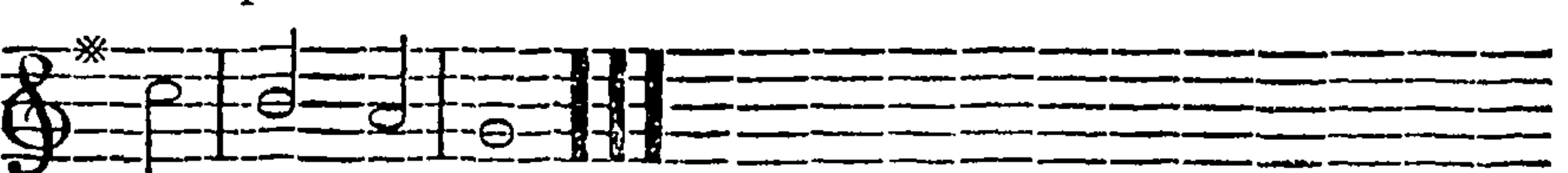
1. pear! 2. If yet, while par-don may be found, And mer - cy
3. pear! 4. Then see the sor-rows of my heart, Ere yet it
5. vent. 6. Then ne - ver shall my soul de - spair A par - don



2. may be fought, My heart with in-ward hor-ror shrinks, And trem-
4. be too late; And hear my Saviour's dy-ing groans 'To give
6. to pro-cure, Who knows thy on-ly Son has died To make



2. bles at the thought.
4. those sor-rows weight.
6. that par-don sure.

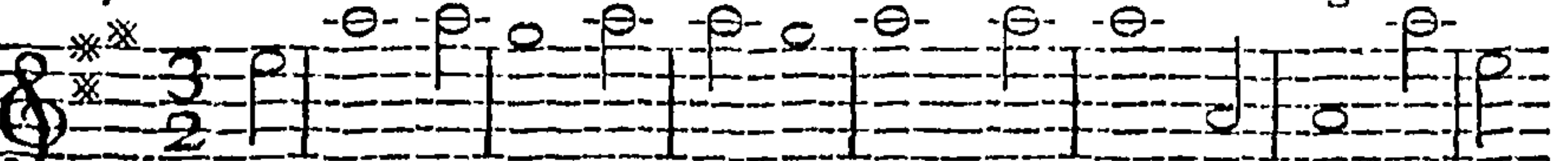


The following Tunes were composed by the late Rev. Thomas Sharp, M. A.

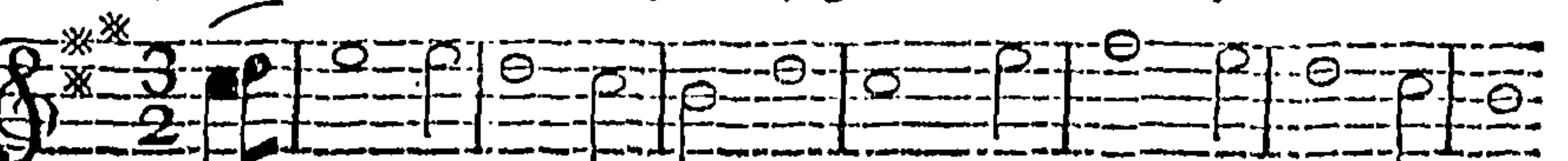
No. 25. — P S A L M C.

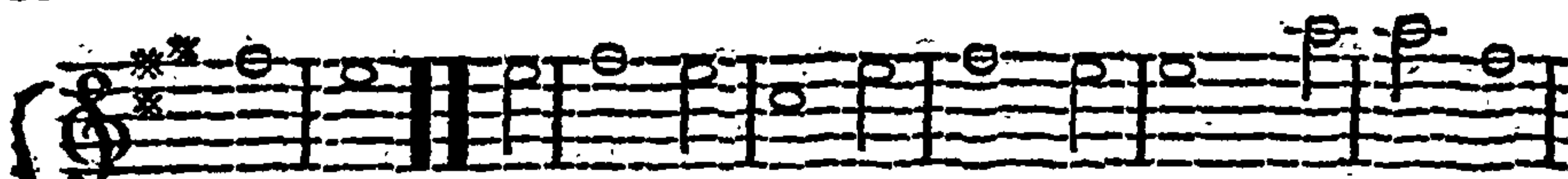
Lively.

New Version. — Long Metre.

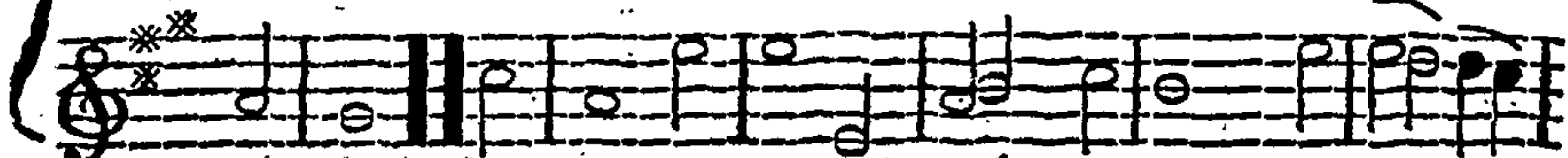


1. With one con-fent, let all the earth To God their cheerful voi-
2. Convinc'd that He is God a-lone, From whom both we and all
3. O en - ter then his tem-ple-gate, 'Thence to his courts de-vout-
4. For He's the Lord, su-premely good, His mer-cy is for e-





1. ces raise; Glad homage pay with aw - ful mirth, And sing be-
2. pro-ceed; We, whom He choo-ses for his own, The flock that
3. ly prefs; And still your grateful hymns re-peat, And still his
4. ver sure; His truth, which always firm - ly stood, To end-less



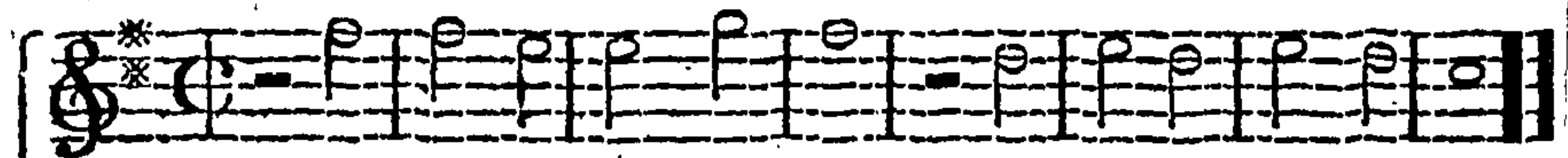
1. fore Him songs of praise.
2. He vouchsafes to feed.
3. name with prai-ses blefs.
4. a - ges shall en-dure.



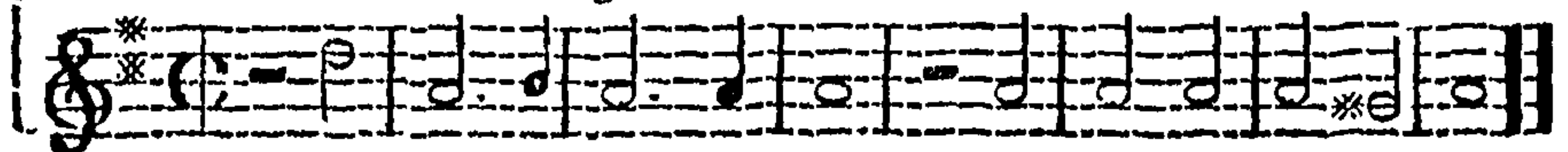
No. 26. — P S A L M XXXI.

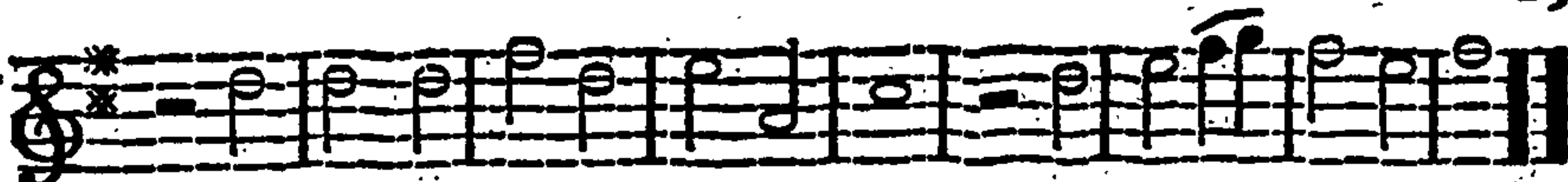
Cheerful..

New Version. — Short Metre.

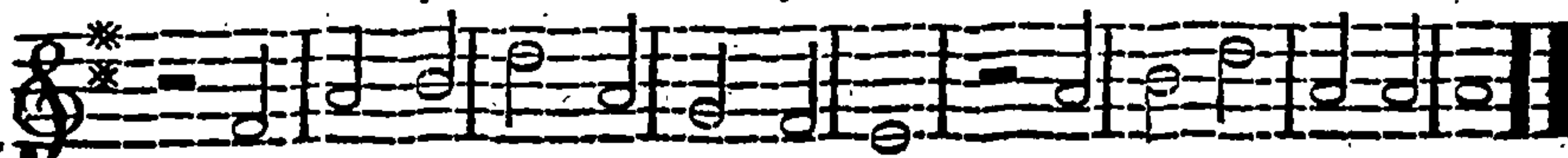


1. De-fend me, Lord, from shame; For, still I trust in Thee:
2. Bow down thy gra-cious ear, And spee-dy suc-cour send;
3. Since Thou, when foes op - press, My rock and for-tress art,
4. Re-lease me from the snare Which they have close-ly laid;
5. To Thee, the God of truth, My life, and all that's mine,
6. All vain de-signs I hate Of those that trust in lies;





- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| 1. As just and righteous is thy name, | From danger set me free. |
| 2. Do Thou my sted-fast rock ap-pear, | To shel-ter and de-fend. |
| 3. To guide me forth from this dis-tress | Thy wont-ed help im-part. |
| 4. Since I, O God, my strength, re-pair | To Thee a-lone for aid. |
| 5. For Thou preserv'st me from my youth, | I will-ing-ly re-sign. |
| 6. And still my soul in ev'-ry state | To God for suc-cour flies. |



No. 27. — H Y M N.

Spectator, vol. vi. p. 393.

Lively.

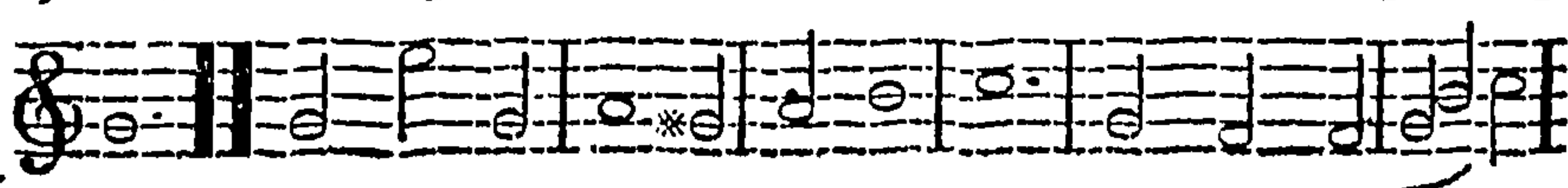
Long Metre. — Double Tune.

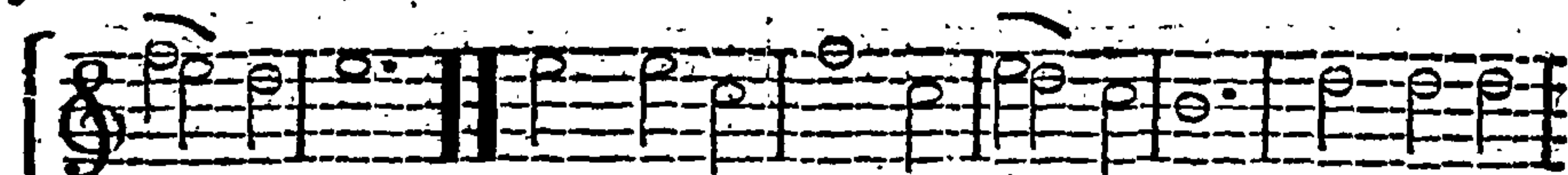


- | |
|--|
| 1. The spacious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real |
| 3. Soon as the ev'ning shades pre-vail, 'The moon takes up the wond'rous |
| 5. What though in so-lemn si-lence all Move round the dark ter-res-trial |

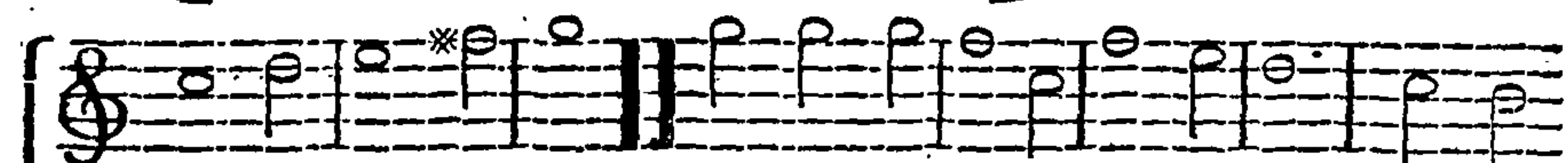
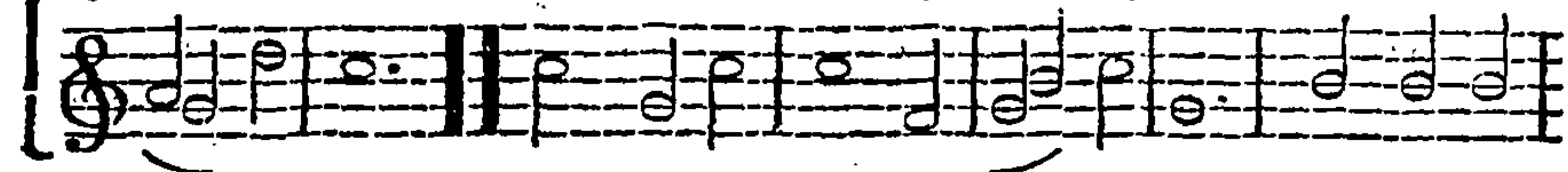


- | |
|--|
| 1. sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shi-ning frame, Their great O-ri-gi- |
| 3. tale; And, night-ly, to the list'-ning earth, Re-peats the sto-ry |
| 5. ball; What though no re-al voice nor sound A-midst their glitt'ring |

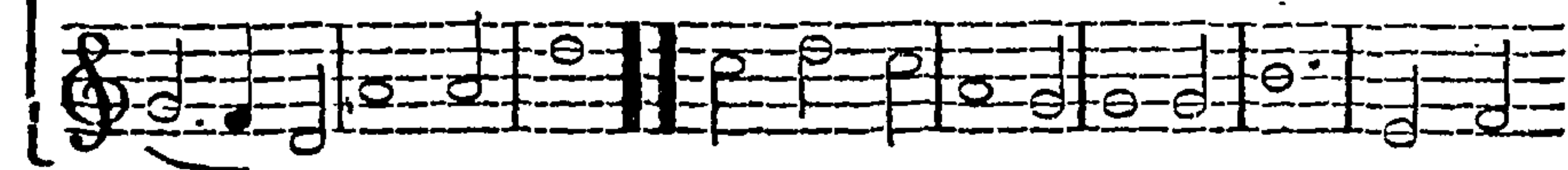




1. nal pro-claim. 2. Th'unwea-ry'd sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-
3. of her birth. 4. While all the stars, that round her burn, And all the
5. orbs be found: 6. In reason's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter



2. a-tor's pow'r dis-play; And pub-lish-es to ev'-ry land The work
4. pla-nets, in their turn, Con-firm the tidings as they roll, And spread
6. forth a glo-rious voice; For e-ver sing-ing as they shine, "The hand



2. of an Al-migh-ty hand.
4. the truth from pole to pole.
6. that made us is di-vine!"



END OF THE CONTRA-TENOR AND TENOR.

Edward Forster print?
from Granville Sharp Esq